



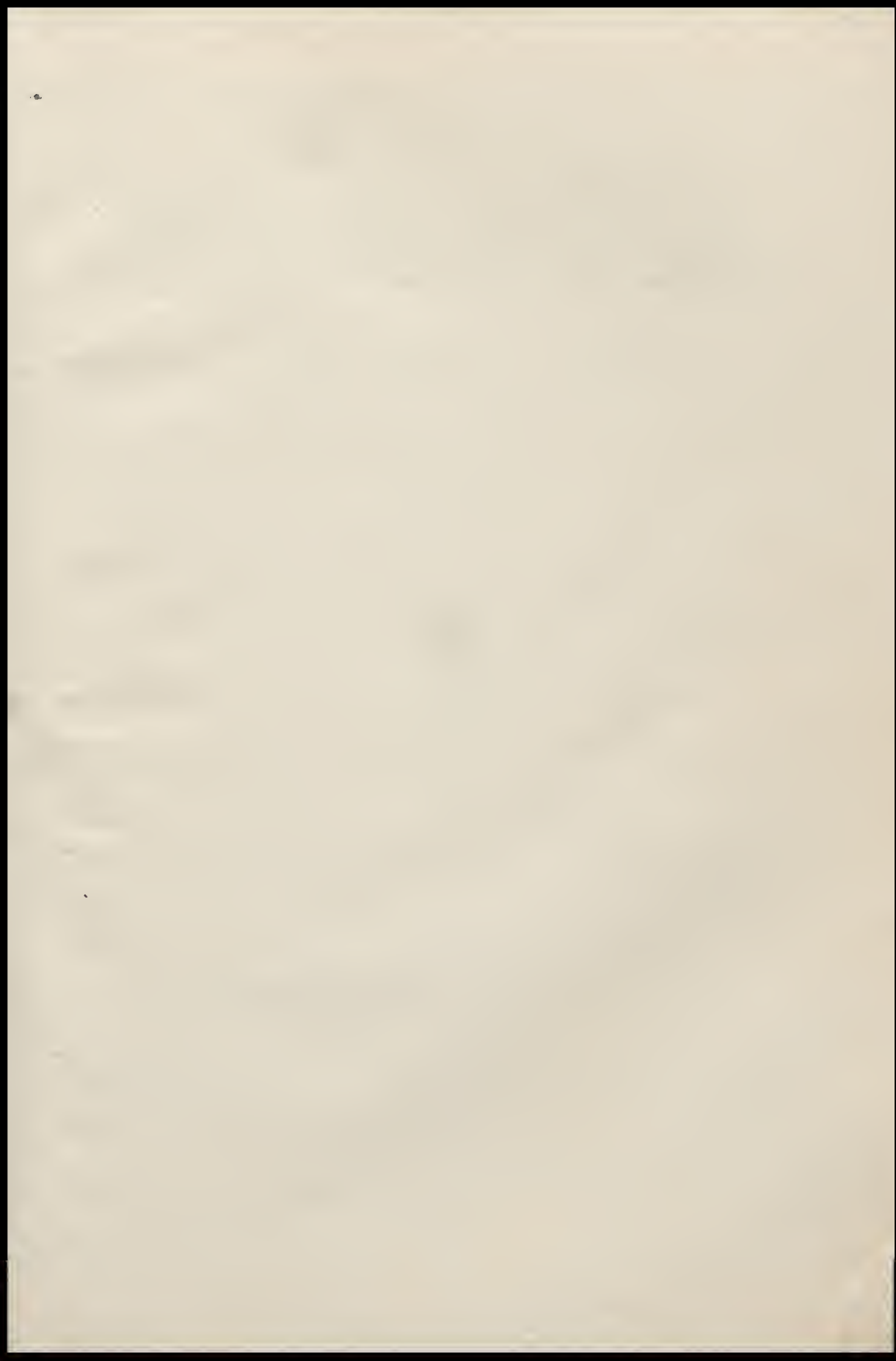
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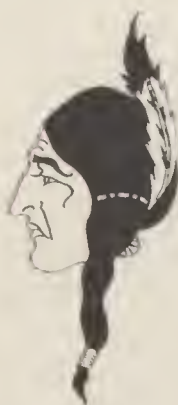




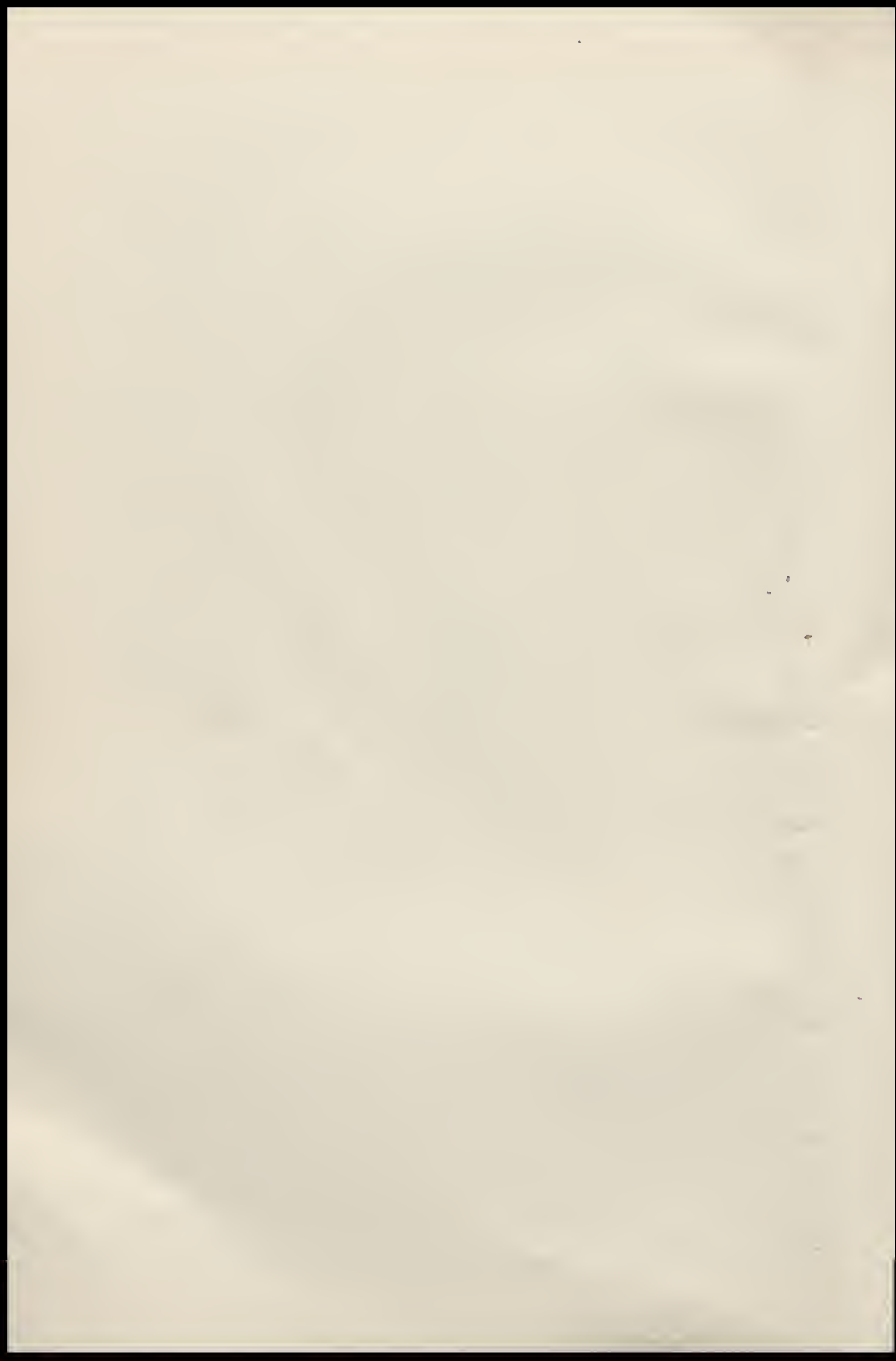
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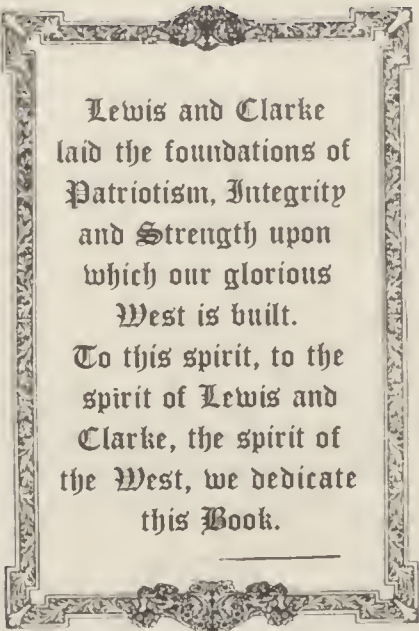
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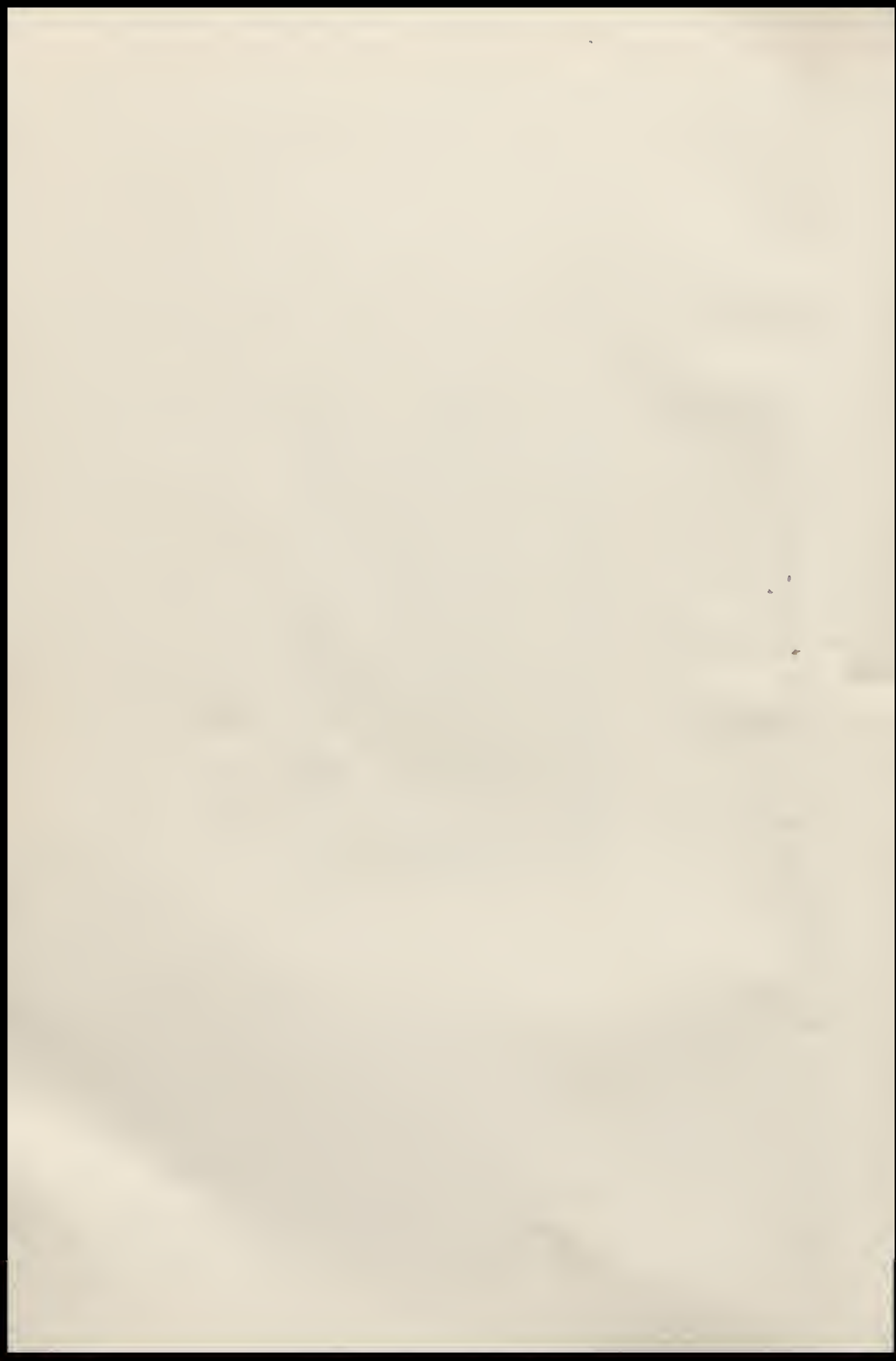
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SENIOR CLASS
OF THE
SPOKANE HIGH SCHOOL

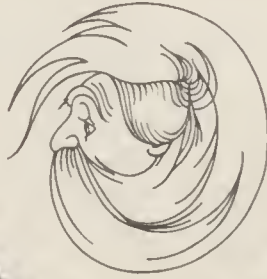




Lewis and Clarke
laid the foundations of
Patriotism, Integrity
and Strength upon
which our glorious
West is built.

To this spirit, to the
spirit of Lewis and
Clarke, the spirit of
the West, we dedicate
this Book.





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JAY

HUMPHREY



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THE GIFT OF TONGUES

SANSKRIT.



FOR the past hundred years, more especially, all language study, and, in turn, many other studies, such as comparative mythology, science of religion, and comparative jurisprudence, has been most deeply influenced by the study of Sanskrit, the oldest form of which is the Vedic. The Sanskrit was originally the language of northwestern India, and together with the ancient Persian, to which it is very closely related, is the oldest known form of the Indo-Germanic languages, so that any earnest student, wishing to become familiar with the historical development of the Indo-Germanic language, must of necessity, begin with the Sanskrit. The form of the Sanskrit known as the Vedic goes back to at least 1,500 B. C., and it may be even older. The Sanskrit is still used in our own times, to some extent, by the priestly and learned classes of India, and some of the principal forms of Hindu speech today, such as Prakrit and Pali, are related to the Sanskrit very much as French and Italian are related to the classic Latin. A line from the Sanskrit and its English version follows:

करस्य भूषणं दानम् —

Translation:—"Generosity is the hand's best ornament.

—Henry R. Wolecott.

LATIN.

Fertilis, assiduo si non renovetur aratro nil nisi cum spinis gramen, habebit ager.

Translation:—"A field which is not cultivated assiduously by the plow, will produce nought but grass and briars."

—Miss Helen L. Dean.

GOTHIC.

Every student who makes a serious study of the historical development of the Germanic language learns at the very outset that the foundation of such special study lies in the Gothic language, the principal and almost the sole monument of which is the translation of the Bible made in the middle of the fourth century A. D., by the famous Bishop Ulfilas. The most important manuscript is the **Codex argenteus**, now preserved at the University of Upsala, Sweden, which originally consisted of 330 parchment leaves and contained the four gospels. Only 187 leaves, however, are still extant, from which the following passage, that may well serve to help light our young graduates on their way through life, has been taken:

Matthew VI., 19-21:—"19. Ni husdjaith izwis huzda ana airthai, tharei malo jah nidwa frawardeith, jah tharei thiubos ufgraband jah hlifand. 20. ith huzdjaith izwis huzda in himina, tharei nih malo nih nidwa frawareith, jah tharei thiubos ni ufgraband nih stiland. 21. tharei auk ist huzd izwar, tharaih ist jah hairto izwar."

The English version follows:—

19. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust consume, and where thieves break through and steal: 20. but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: 21. for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.

—Henry R. Wolcott.

OLD NORSE.

Unger menn ok ungo kuennor, en er ther nu utgaugeth i lifet, tha muneth meir skyld ythra enn rette ythor.

Translation:—"Young men and young women, as you now step out int olife, be more mindful of your duty than of your rights."

—A. M. Ostness.

OLD SAXON.

Sin eu friund, aust en goldwello thurgangan.

Translation:—"May you have friends, favor, and prosperity even to the end."

—Mrs. F. E. R. Linfield.

GERMAN.**An Unsere Abiturienten.**

Am Schluss eurer Schulzeit, die mit so vielen Freuden, und leider auch mit so vielen Schmerzen erfüllt war, gratulieren wir Deutsche euch allen. Wir wünschen euch viel Glück und den besten Erfolg im Leben. Je ernster ihr eure Studien in euren Schuljahren getrieben habt, um so leichter wird es euch gelingen, die schwierigen Probleme des Lebens zu lösen.

Der Vorteil den ihr als gebildete Menschen genießet, verpflichtet euch um so mehr der Menschheit nach Kräften zu dienen. Lasset das Lösungswort des Prinzen von Wales, euer Wahlspruch sein: "leh dien." Wenn ihr in diesem Sinne lebt, so wird euer Leben, so wohl wie das Leben eurer Mitmenschen mit dem Erfolg von Ehre, irdisches Gut, und Gottes, gefallen gekrönt sein.

Solehe, denen es gegönnt war, mit den Riesen der deutschen Literatur, Goethe, Schiller und Heine, zu verkehren, möchten wir ermahnen, nie aufzuhören ihre Kenntniss der "wohllautreichen, starken und milden" deutschen Sprache zu pflegen.

Als letzten Gruss zitieren wir die bekannten Worte von Deutschland's grosstem Dichter:

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt."

Translation.

To Our Graduates:—

At the conclusion of your school days, which have been filled with so many joys, and alas, with so many sorrows, we Germans congratulate you all. We wish you much happiness and the best of success in life. The more earnestly you have pursued your studies during your school days, the more readily you will succeed in solving the difficult problems of life.

The advantage which you as educated men (and women) enjoy, obligates you the more to serve humanity with all your powers (or might). Let the coat of arms of the Prince of Wales be your motto: "I serve." If you will live according to this ideal (or in this sense)

your life, as well as the life of your fellowmen, will be crowned with a success of honor, earthly possession and divine favor.

Such as have been privileged to sojourn with the giants of German literature, Goethe, Schiller and Heine, we would admonish you never to relinquish their knowledge of the "melodious, strong and mild" German language.

As a last greeting we cite the well-known words of Germany's greatest poet:—

"A talent forms itself in quietude,
But character in the tide of the world."

—O. P. Lienau.

FRENCH.

Je vous salue. Dans la vie faites contre fortune bon coeur et la fortune vous rira; soyes un homme de tete mais pas une mauvaise tete et evteez le tete-a-tete.

Translation:—"I salute you. In life, bear up against misfortune, and good fortune will smile upon you. Be strong, but not obstinate, and avoid tete-a-tetes."

—Miss Corinth L. Crook.

SPANISH.

Puedan los anos que vosotros, queridos alumnos habeis pasado en esta escuela superior de Spokane, gnaros a una vida de utilidad y de completa felicidad.

Translation:—"May the years you, dear seniors, have spent in the High school of Spokane lead you to a life of usefulness and of complete happiness."

—Mr. H. Ringliere.

ITALIAN.

Il tempo de la raccolta e venuto per voi, cari alunni di questi scuola superiore; possa essa sempre essere abbondante.

Translation:—"The harvest time has come for you, dear seniors of this High school, and may it always be abundant."

—Mr. H. Ringliere.



To you who have guided us over the rocky foothills of knowledge, who have stood by our high school in its adversity, and who have gloried in its prosperity, to you, we pay this slight tribute of respect and affection.

THE OLD GUARD

Mrs. Olive B. Jones.

Mrs. Jones was born in Cleveland, Ohio, where she received her elementary education. She afterwards studied in Hiram College, Ohio, and in Hillsdale College, Michigan. After teaching for a time in Cleveland, she accepted the position of Principal of the Tremont, Ohio, High school. She taught for a time in Minneapolis, and came here, where she has remained faithfully at her post for the past twenty-two years.

Mrs. Sarah Fisher Archer.

Mrs. Archer comes to us from Illinois, Rockford having been her birthplace. She went through school there, having graduated from Rockford College, after which she studied elocution under Professor Hamil of Chicago. She then took special work in English at the University of Chicago. Mrs. Archer has taught in Warsaw, Illinois; Rockford, Illinois; and has twice occupied the position of Principal, first at Hannibal, Missouri, and at Dayton, Washington. Mrs. Archer has lived for thirty-one years in Spokane, and has been on the High school faculty for seventeen years. She has done some literary work, which, to use her own expression, "My friends have been charitable enough to commend, and which now and then wins a prize."

Miss Etta L. Reed.

Ohio claims as native to its borders another of our Old Guard, in Miss Reed, who was born in Mexico, Ohio. She received her college training at the Black Hawk County Normal at Cedar Falls, Iowa, and at the University of Chicago. She has taught in the Cedar Falls schools, and in the High school of Waterloo, Iowa, from whence she came to Spokane. She has been with us seventeen years, and at the

time she became a member of the High school faculty, there were but four other teachers, beside the principal.

Mrs. Frances E. R. Linfield.

Mrs. Linfield is a native of New York, having been born at Pennfield. At the Elmira College she obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and at the University of Chicago, that of A. M. Study and travel abroad completed her education, and she returned to America to teach in the Englewood High school. She has since taught at the Pennfield State Normal school, and at Mansfield, New York, at the Weyland Academy, Beaverdam, Wisconsin, and in the Spokane High school, where she has remained sixteen years. She has a remarkable record for the length of time she has been with us, having been out of school but six weeks on account of ill health.

Mr. I. C. Libby.

From New England comes Mr. I. C. Libby, whose birth place was in the state of Maine. Mr. Libby was educated in the Maine Wesleyan preparatory school, and in the Old Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut. He has taught in the common schools of Maine and Connecticut, and has served as Principal of the High school at Middletown. He was president of the early Spokane College for two years, and associate principal of the Spokane English and Classical school during 1885 and 1886. He has been a member of the Spokane High school faculty for fourteen years, having taught also in Cheney Normal for a half year.

Mr. John L. Dunn.

The Hawkeye state sends us another of the Old Guard, who was born in Sigourney, Iowa. He completed his college work in Oskaloosa, Iowa, and in Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California. He has taught in the public schools of Iowa, in the Monmouth (Oregon) State Normal, in the Cheney Normal, and has served as principal in Pomeroy, Washington. He has been in the Spokane High school for thirteen and a half years.

Mr. James W. Buchanan.

The Hoosier state sends to us Mr. Buchanan, who was educated

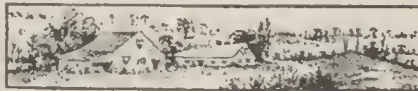
at Lebanon, Ohio, where he took a degree of A. M., and at the University of Illinois, which bestowed upon him the degree of Bachelor of Science. He has taught in Indiana, Ohio, and Washington, having occupied the position of Principal of the Cheney public school for two years, after which he came to Spokane, where he has remained for ten years. Mr. Buchanan has guided many a student over the rocky path to learning, as well as over many a more realistic path in the vicinity of Spokane, in search of specimens for science study.

Mr. George F. Clukey.

Mr. Clukey is a native of Michigan. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1898 with the degree of B. L. He subsequently taught science one year in the Flint, Michigan, High school, and two years in the High school of Menominee. He came to Spokane in the fall of 1901, and obtained the position of chemistry teacher in the High school, in which capacity he has served to the present time.

Miss Corinth L. Crook.

Still a third member of the Old Guard claims Ohio as her mother state, Miss Crook, who was born at Delaware. Her High school education was obtained in Winona, Minnesota, and the Ohio Wesleyan graduated her with a degree of Bachelor of Science. She took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Syracuse. Miss Crook spent four years in Germany, during one of which she studied in the University of Berlin. Miss Crook has taught in Allegheny College, Little Rock University, University of Denver, Nebraska Wesleyan, and has served as substitute in Cornell, Iowa, and Vassar Colleges. She has been with us for eight years.





Ave Atque Vale

I.



DEAR Children all: It gives me heartfelt pleasure
 To scribble you a little billet-doux
 Because I know its sentiment you'll treasure
 To serve you for an antidote when blue;
 I've even tried to set it down to measure
 To let you see how easy 'tis to do;
 Thus giving minds of Sophomorish size
 An opportunity to eritieise.

II.

I must confess that when your letter came
 The superscription made me somewhat start;
 And then a jealous pang shot into flame
 Around the hidden barriers of my heart;
 I caught a vision of Dan Cupid's game
 And heard the whistle of his golden dart.
 Alas, alas, it grieved my bosom sore
 To think my **Annabelle** was now no **Moore**.

III.

But when I found 'twas not an invitation
 Unto a wedding, I was quite relieved;
 I write to ladies in a single station
 Without my relatives becoming "peeved";
 But I'm afraid I'd get no approbation
 If after newly-weds my spirit grieved;
 So I am glad the neighbors cannot say,
 "Alas, good soul, the devil is to pay."

IV.

Of course we pay him, he, poor soul, must eat
 And delve and gossip, just like you and me;

So that he bring me visions fair and sweet,
 I little care how very large his fee;
 Today he leads where woods and waters meet,
 A fisherman as patient as can be,
 And what I catch will surely take the eye,—
 No pesky minnow **Nor** a little **Frye**.

V.

I sit and ponder on the good old days
 When hampered not by life's persistent ills,
 We, unhampered, pursued our devious ways
 Neath towering pines that top the toilsome hills;
 And when our hearts glowed warm in fancy's blaze,
 We'd sedulously ply our gray-goose **Quills**,
 Rejoicing in the spirit that compels
 The heart to speak the song that in it swells.

VI.

For me there is no song of youth and hope;
 I watch the sun go down to meet the wave,
 And as I dream I see the roses ope
 That long have mouldered in their sun-browned grave
 Hid in the Western world where forests slope
 On terraced hills with all their plumage brave
 To tempt the wary wielder of the thunder,—
 Full well they know he'll rive them not asunder.

VII.

For you the gentle spring is dawning fair.
 For you unfolds the gorgeous rose of May,
 Making the heart pant in the yearning air
 That filters sunshine for a perfect day.
 For you I fain would breathe a silent prayer
 As you approach the turning of the way.
 If but the fates, should they be passing near,
 Would pause a moment with attendant ear.

VIII.

Be kind, just Fates, and give them what is best;—
An eye to see, a heart to feel and thrill,
And hope and faith as steadfast as the crest
That takes the lightning on a windblown hill,
And constancy that brooks no vain behest
From him who tempts to follow after ill,
And all the wild, wild ecstacy of pain
That thrills the heart that battles, though in vain.

IX.

And grant that they be beautiful within
As they are all in outward form and face,
Nor let insidious principle of sin
Portend a shadow on their charm and grace;
And whatsoever store of gold hath been
Good for the just and upright of their race
Let this be theirs, ye whose all-seeing eyes
Discern the rich to be none but the wise.
— M. C. Weir.





OR twenty years Spokane's High has poured forth her semi-annual offering. Her graduates are scattered north, south, east, and west, and may be found in all walks of life. Each and every one looks back with delight to the days when he or she was stumbling along the rocky path of learning under the watchful eye of the Alma Mater.

We have now some sixteen hundred loyal alumni. Many of them are claimed by the colleges and universities. There, the S. H. S. graduates lead in every student activity. Men and women, many of them with "sixth" and "seventh graders" of their own, watch with pride the achievements of Old Spokane High. The graduates are a monument to the work of the school and their love is unfailing and their loyalty proverbial.

Once more the doors swing outward and another class swells the multitude without. May their affection be as enduring and their support as loyal as of those who have gone before them!

Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

There is one sure way to make a young man feel as though he were about seven hundred years old, and that is to class him as an alumnus. Hence I would plead with the artist who draws the heading for this department that he fix us up as bright, cheerful, and above all young—even infantile if necessary—but not as sober, staid or dignified. Anything but that. Back here an alumnus is a kindly old man with gray whiskers who comes back at commencement time and makes

speeches urging students to study more and not spend so much time at vanderbilt shows and football games, and so the term has come to have a kind of horror for me. So make the alumnus part of it as easy as you can.

One of the first questions they ask a man here is: What school did you prep. at? And when some fellow from Andover, or Exeter, or some other big school asks me that, and I throw out my chest till the vest buttons pop, and say "Spokane High," he looks at me with a very superior air and wants to know if they "re-ahhly have high schools that far out west." That, you may imagine, is my cue to grasp the man firmly by the buttonhole of his coat and then and there make him a booster speech such as no Chamber of Commerce banquet in the world ever heard. I may not do much else here, but I have definitely made up my mind that when I leave New England no one within sound of my voice shall be ignorant of the fact that they have high schools in Spokane.

A wild western classmate of mine, from Rahway, New Jersey, who is assisting in the composition of this bit of literature, suggests that it would not be a real alumnus' letter without a little sage advice. As a Yale freshman, my giving advice to anybody would be a humorous proceeding, but as an S. H. S. alumnus, says my New Jersey friend, I may, to use a classic phrase, get away with it. So I would urge the class of June, 1911, to be more largely represented in the eastern colleges next fall than its predecessors have been. There is great work to be done here in educating folks concerning western geography, people, and general advantages. And at the same time, the educators might learn a little themselves.

STODDARD KING, January, 1907.

Evanston, Ill., May 6, 1911.

Dear Friends: I received your letter telling of the annual to be published by the class of June, 1911, and was highly flattered to be remembered by the Alumni editors. During the past year I have been freshman in the College of Liberal Arts at Northwestern University. Without attempting to give a descriptive sketch of the university or our college life here, I will say that this year there are over four thousand men and women in the thirteen departments of the university,

and so far as I know four of them from Spokane, and a dozen others from Washington. In my fraternity we have a man from Walla Walla. Miss Helen Severance, an alumnus of the old South Central High school, is a freshman here this year, and Harold Nuzum and Simpson, ex '10, are in the law school. My brother has written me that President Harris visited Spokane and addressed the High school students this spring. On his return to Evanston, he told me that he met about forty Northwestern graduates at a banquet at Davenport's. The term closes here on June the 14th, and I am looking forward to that time, for although Evanston is one of the most beautiful places in the world, it is not like Spokane. I am sure your Orange and Black (or do you call it that?) will be the best in the history of the school, for of course the class of June '10 holds a position of its own. Remember me to the fellows that were once my classmates on Old South Central, and receive my congratulations upon your completion of so many years of work.

Sincerely yours,

LEON ELLIS, 2015 Orrington Avenue.

Hanover, N. H., April 21, 1911.

Alumni Editor, Spokane, Wash. — Dear Sir: Your letter requesting me to write about the memory of my High school days brings up into my mind a broad vision of innumerable happy hours. I hasten to avail myself of the privilege of writing of them, for at the same time it gives me an opportunity to tell something of the fascination of college life at Dartmouth.

First, I will start far back when I entered High school as a freshman. The first month shall ever remain in my memory, for how proud I was not to be compelled to remain in school longer than 2:30; how envious of those athletes, wearing large orange letters covering their broad chests; and, then, it seemed most wonderful to attend High school.

My junior and senior years were most enjoyable to me, for by this time many friends and acquaintances had been made and truly one does not realize at the time what it means to a fellow after graduation. I often recall the good times socially and athletically which happened during these pleasant days. I must confess, however, that my happiest moments were not when studying, but while I was training or taking

a trip for some athletic contest. I would like to see every man in school have a chance at this work; they miss much by not taking part, because the training develops them mentally, physically and morally.

Of course all the happenings I have related occurred in the old building which was burned after I left. Dear old school! How pleasant are its memories; how many secrets could those old walls have told!

And now let me tell you about Dartmouth, that you may understand what I say later. I beg your patience while I tell a few plain facts of its history. Dartmouth was founded in 1769 by Lord Dartmouth of England for whom it is named. The original idea of its Christian forefather, Eleazer Wheelock, who now sleeps in our quaint old cemetery, was to educate the Indians to be missionaries among their savage brothers. Later it developed into a typical college of the present day, for young men, no Indians being seen. It is interesting to note that the last Indian to attend was "Chief" Myers, who last year made renown as a baseball player on the New York Nationals, instead of as a scholar.

Our history dating back to such an early date makes itself manifest in our customs, traditions and buildings. These customs are very odd, but must be seen to be appreciated. Old colonial houses, set way back in large yards among stately elms, stand side by side with handsome modern structures of brick and stone, forming a startling contrast.

To go back to facts again, Dartmouth is three hours ride from Boston, and is situated in the little town of Hanover, New Hampshire, on the beautiful Connecticut river. I wish I could show you the like in a typical New England village. Primitive stage-coaches and oven teams are the order of the day, so you see how quaint and fascinating it all is. But, when we tire of this, a few hours brings us to the life of a big city, Boston, the Hub of the universe.

One of the most prominent features of our life is, of course, athletics. Too many deeds have been done by Dartmouth athletes for me to tell about. Everyone knows what they have done. The spirit of the college is always behind the teams, as was shown last fall when all of our fellows marched in a snowstorm at five o'clock in the morning to see the football players go down to meet Harvard.

I would fain tell you more about the life here for there is much to tell, but I am called back to the cold reality that I must prepare my lessons for tomorrow. Here the idea is, studies first and athletics after, which was quite hard on me, as I must confess I put it the other way around at High school.

But after all the best way to learn about Dartmouth is to come out here. Sincerely yours,

WESLEY ENGELHORN.

THE FRESHMAN BONFIRE AT STANFORD.

One of the chief characteristics of Stanford life is originality. The prospective freshman is impressed by this as soon as he alights from the train at Palo Alto, for he arrives not unwelcomed. His first duty as "a college man" may consist of pouring forth his soul in melody to the sophomores and natives assembled in front of Larkin's, the cigar store, or performing difficult aquatic feats in the basin of the public fountain, erected by the local Daughters of the American Revolution. As the semester progresses numerous examples of originality occur,—more serious examples, and less embarrassing to the lately arrived "Pride of Squeedunk."

One of the most impressive of these is the Freshman Bonfire which spits forth on the night before the annual rugby contest, the Stanford challenge to the University of California. It consists of dry goods boxes, barrels, scrub-oaks, brush, fence posts and gates, and has a base at least twenty feet square, and a height of sixty feet. The freshmen start to build the bonfire about two weeks before it is to be lighted, and as it nears completion these denizens of the little gray skull caps with tiny red buttons guard it zealously day and night from possible U. of C. marauders.

The demonstrations on the night before the big game begin with a rally in the Assembly Hall, similar to those we used to hold in the auditorium of Old South Central. Immediately after, all adjourn to the Inner Quadrangle—the interior court of the University—where for half an hour the fellows do a skipping serpentine around a huge, red-powder glare, and then run over to the soccer field near Encina Gym, where the bonfire is located, and by this time raging uproariously. Around and around the immense blaze go a thousand men in the writh-

ing, twisting serpentine. As the mighty flame does down, and the outlines of the University buildings grow more and more dim, the men gather around the glowing ashes, and give "The 'Varsity." As the echoes "ring and float away from the foot-hills to the bay," all turn their steps homeward feeling that the team has been given the sincerest and best send-off possible, and awaiting Berkeley's worst with trusting hearts.

CARLOS C. CHASE.

Phi Kappa Psi House, Stanford University, California.

To the Alumni Editor: Alumni recollections of High school life are always more or less tinged with the pleasant remembrances rather than the unpleasant, and we look back to the pleasures more than the troubles. This is probably one of the reasons why everyone says that "the old times are the best," for they remember the best and forget the other parts.

To the alumni of Spokane High school recollections are more than usually pleasant. There was, of course, more or less struggle to get through and the seniors who put off Algebra III until the senior year were the most affected of all, but the memories on the whole are worth looking back to.

When the last sad rites and a sheet of paper bound with orange and black ribbon and signed by the Principal and the City Superintendent east you forth on an unfeeling world, where the diploma gives you no standing at all, and your success depends on your capacity, the ties that bind you to school become more than ever strong.

Even in the new building, which does not mean much to the South Central grad., every now and then you will see some of the old guard of football, debating or literary wandering around with an undergrad and wishing in his heart that he were back for a while at least.

I think the Alumni Association should be revived and placed on a working basis. June ten, my class, has a good working organization of the boys, largely informal but concentrated enough so that occasional banquets have brought out to a man the boys who are still in town.

A good many things could be done with such an organization.

Every now and then someone wants to know where a member of his class is now. In a general way the friends of the last year in school are kept in touch with, but you never know where four-fifths of even your own class are. With an association of alumni, not restricted to a single class, such connection could be kept.

For another thing, although most of us never forget, there are a number in each class who gradually drift away in their college, business, or home life from their old chums and at last are separated entirely from the school. With an alumni association, a few rousing affairs each year, such as a dance, a banquet and a picnic, would work wonders in keeping grads attached to the school.

The alumni association is also a power in itself. When you have three hundred graduates of the same school, all working for some improvement that the school needs, it is safe to say that she will get it. It is a moral force to the members of the association and to the undergraduates, too, and the strengthening of many lines of student activity can be done by such an association.

Sincerely,

ROBERT DOBLE

Chicago, Ill., May 5, 1911.

In answer to your request I will say that all my H. S. experiences were either too scandalous or else too sacred to make good reading matter.

The most interesting incidents I have to keep as secrets, or else betray some mighty good friends.

I always like to think of the fellows who went to South Central. They were all good fellows, and whenever a snob would show his face he was immediately exiled.

The Spokane H. S. girls can win in a walk over the Chicago Art Institute girls, models included. Spokane girls can put it all over Chicago girls for beauty, health, intellect, and small feet.

The best thing about South Central is its able faculty, and its principal, Mr. Hart, who is held in esteem by every member of the alumni. Wishing you success with your annual, I am, very truly yours,

E. N. MORRISON.

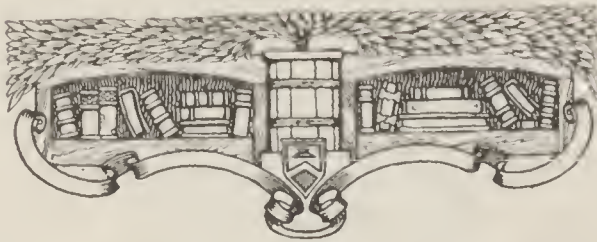
May 1, 1911.

I am glad to have the opportunity of saying a few words to the students of dear Old Spokane High. It is with a great deal of interest that the Spokane students at the Washington State College follow the events and happenings of their Alma Mater.

E. N. MORRISON.

I am studying architecture here, and like my course very much. I would recommend the Washington State College to anyone who is considering a course in an institution of higher learning. The scope of the work here is great and W. S. C. graduates are generally "heard from" in later life. Wishing you the best of success in all your undertakings I remain, sincerely,

FRED B. OLDS, S. C. H. S., June, '09.











ANNABELLE
MOORE



EDNA
PETERSON



MAUDE
BARKER



BERTCH
MOYE



LESTER
HILL



ERNEST
MAJER



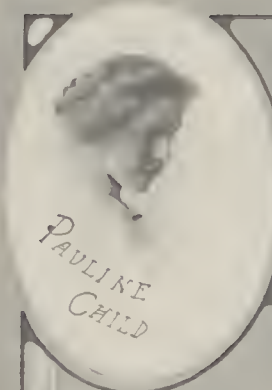
RUTH CEDER



CATHERINE
TURNER



LAURA
EBERLIN



PAULINE
CHILD



ORA
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EDITH
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RUSSELL
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ARNOLD
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ORRIN
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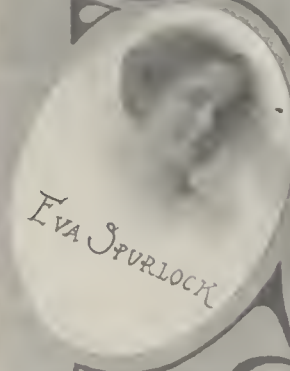
HELEN
REDFERN



CORAL
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LORNA
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ALBERT
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ELIZABETH
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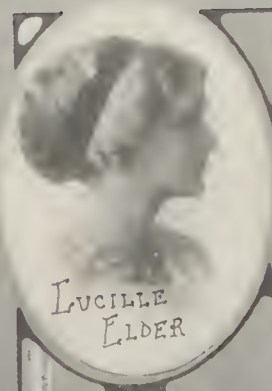
MAX
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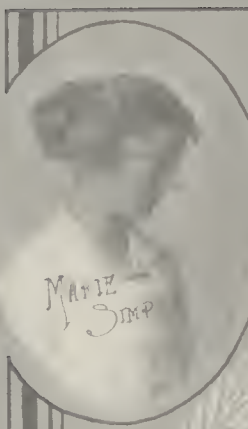
CARLETON
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RENA
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RUTH
PUGH



JAY
HUMPHREY



JESSIE
STRYKER



KENNETH
MCBRIDE



ADELAIDE
MILLER



BERT
RUNNER



MAUD
COVINGTON



VERNON
MCCAIN



HAZEL FISHER



RUTH
BACHELDER



FRANCIS
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GERTRUDE
DAVENTPORT



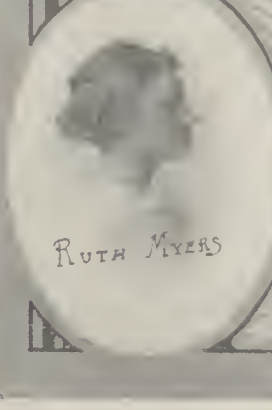
ADOLPH
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EARLE
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RUTH MYERS



RAYMOND
CAMPBELL



GRACE
GROSSCUP



HAZEL
WEST



WARNER
SCHMIDT



TRVE
CRISLER



ARTHUR
SWANT



LUCILE
SLATER



CLAUDE
ECHORN



EMMA KEITH



BARRY
HILLARD



GRACE
BOLGER



NIECE
VOTAW



E. E.
LAIRD



ETTA
DAVENPORT



LAWRENCE
RORDEL



MILDRED
LINDSTROM



CARL
NICHOLSON



FAE
DYKE



FORREST
LIBENOW



GRACE
KNUDSON



VERA
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FRED
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MARION
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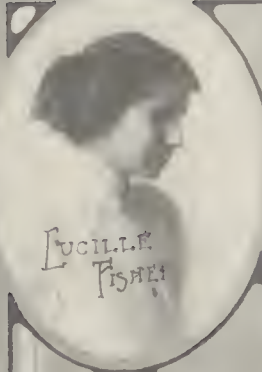
MARJORIE
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EVELYN
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PHILIP
BROOKE



JENNIE
McCORMICK



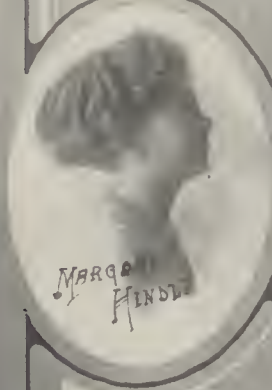
WILBUR
ROBINSON



MYRTLE
LEAN



PERCY
CAMPBELL



MARGIE
HINDLE



ROGER
JAMESON



ALYCE
JENKINS



LUCY
SHERWOOD



CLARENCE
EWING



JESSIE
NEILL



FRED
CHILD



ANNA
PETERSON



WILLA
ANDREW



SARAH
STEGNER



RUEBEN
WOOD



WILLA
ANDREW



LILLIAN
DONAHUE



GUY
STEGNER



KATHRYN
BURT



RALPH
BECKETT



EDITHA
DEAN



MORI
NAKAYAMA



EYLA
WALKER



CLARENCE
FELDMAN



NORMA
MORE



SUSAN
THORNE



HOMER
SHULL



FLORINE
VALENTINE



ARTHUR
WELLER



GLADYS
WATTS



HOMER
WELLER



LOUIE
MALMGREN



HARRY
PETERSON



GLENN
MEAD

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND



"VENI VIDI VICI"



URING the first consulship of Mr. Henry M. Hart, there came under his rule four hundred tumultuous subjects, who were as verdant as the laurel wreaths which crowned the heads of the lofty seniors. This legion was placed under the direct control of the Governor, Mr. J. C. Staley, who marked out their laws for all future time, and who, a little later, called to his assistance a learned soothsayer from Oberlin. Under this dimvirate the standard of royal purple and white was raised. Neneath whose folds these cohorts have advanced **VENI** to the heights at which you now view them. At their first grand assembly in the S. C. H. S. auditorium, lots were cast for their chiefs. Since this was the first event of this nature and not being very well acquainted, the most handsome and those with the wisest appearances were chosen. Another grand event which took place was a "circus maximus" on the Ides of September, when the male members of the legion entertained the mobs on the campus in front of the forum, S. C. H. S., by doing such menial performances as climbing trees, being divested of their sandals, and riding in one-wheeled touring-cars.

At the end of the first year's campaign this whole class came out victorions over the opposing forces, Latin and Algebra.

In the second and third years of this consulship the legion ad-

vanced upon the young rabble and showed their superiority over them for all time. Mrs. Archer relieved the Dinmvirate of their **VIDI** responsibility and guided the class very safely during the next year and a half. The first loyalty and enthusiasm was shown in a gorgeous function in the gymnasium. At this festival several old legends were rehearsed and quaint old games played. After such a pleasant evening together nothing could ever sever the bonds with which the class was united.

At the end of the second year of the consulship their standard was rudely seized by an envious mob. All jumped to the rescue as a man. For a few minutes riot prevailed, but the ever victorious battalion of June, '11, saved their colors and marched on in triumph.

Among the many pleasant social events which will remain in the memories of all was the "Stegner affair," at their country home east of the city. It was on a cold, clear, frosty, moonlight night in October, when the whole legion journeyed to elimes unknown for adventure. A special train took them to Trent Road, where three large four-wheeled hay chariots met them. At the house they were greeted with the grim smiles of the Jack o' Lanterns. Here every youth and also Miss Siegler consulted the oracle and had their brilliant futures laid out before them. After feasting on nectareal cider and ambrosial cake, the whole force rushed back across country to the Union Depot at Trent Road.

Here Fate had been up to Hallowe'en pranks and had snatched away the train which was to bring them safely home. They all joined in on a watch party, vainly watching for the never-appearing train and pondering over in their minds a solution for the vital question which confronted them. How were they, stranded ten miles from town, going to get back to Spokane, with only a hand-car in sight that was a means of conveyance? And every one from that band as they turn their memories back say, "Oh, you hand-car." But perhaps each one knows how and when he reached home.

Besides merely amusing themselves this noble assemblage of youths entertained the general public by the most select program of music and dramatic sketch at the Junior A entertainment in the S. C. H. S. auditorium.

By this time there appeared upon the toga of each and all of these Romans a beautiful golden emblem of their loyalty to their class.

The third year's campaign was skilfully and victoriously waged against their most barbarous enemy, Physics.

In the summer of that year, 1910, came the only sorrow and disappointment that this happy, brave class has had. Then their beloved High school was destroyed. The old South Central lingers now only in memory, but the many happy remembrances of its dear halls will remain undimmed in the hearts of every member of the Battalion of June, '11.

The beginning of the end appeared in the first half of the fourth year of this consulship. The scene of the administration had been changed to the N. C. H. S. and these cohorts bravely endeavored to lay aside the thoughts of the S. C. H. S. and with that same peculiar force with which they manage everything, they determined to make the best of their lot. The class was very much smaller than when it had first entered the ranks, but although smaller, it was stronger than ever before. Tyranny threatened to overpower them at first, but never did one from the whole number imagine that he would endure it. For when a democratic organization was denied them, open rebellion arose until, in order to appease them, concessions were granted. Immediately upon organizing lots were again cast for the chief magistrates.

Elaborate plans were made to entertain their senior legion. It was another triumphal event in their history. The Masonic Temple was the scene of that most brilliant affair in the annals. Several hundred youths spent the most enjoyable evenings of their lives; some danced, others played cards, and the melodious strains of "Home, Sweet Home" came only too quickly, and all reluctantly departed, each and all carrying their hearts full of pure joy.

Then came the last campaign before the legion was to be separated. Together they stood and selected one of the greatest Romans as their leader. Their enthusiasm and ambition still soars and now they are striving to make the "Wanaka" their greatest success.

Their enthusiastic feelings cannot always be kept under control and at the Senior-Junior debates they burst out in spirited yells and

songs. However, applauding seemed to be very inopportune at that time, and the offending heroes were severely punished by being deprived of their exemption cards.

In the new Lewis and Clarke High school they will leave a memorial of the victories that the noble class of June, '11, has won.

Still the magnificent legion advances. They have conquered and in a brilliant triumphal march under their royal standard this largest and most promising class leaves the Spokane High school and enters the world. And they know that "by their right and by their might their name will live forever."

Freshman B, Sept. '07-Jan. '07.

President—Henry Zilka.
Vice-President—Alice Bungay.
Secretary—Ruth Russell.
Treasurer—Clarence Ewing.
Director—J. C. Staley.

Junior B, Sept., '09, to Jan., '10

President—Oscar Rasmus.
Vice-President—Muriel Ramage.
Secretary—Ruth Pugh.
Treasurer—Leon Wiese.
Director—Mrs. Sara F. Archer.

Freshman A, Feb., '08, to June, '08

President—Martin Allen.
Vice-President—Beulah Wright.
Secretary—Ruth Durkin.
Treasurer—James Martin.
Director—Miss Emma F. Bates.

Junior A, Feb., '10, to June, '10

President—Sarah Stegner.
Vice-President—Orien Moody.
Secretary—Muriel Romage.
Treasurer—Leon Wiese.
Director—I. C. Libby.

Sophomore B, Sept., '08, to Jan., '09

President—Forrest Libenow.
Vice-President—Ernest Major.
Secretary—Martin Allen.
Treasurer—James Martin.
Director—Mrs. Sara F. Archer.

Senior B, Sept., '10, to Jan., '11

President—Carlton Greider.
Vice-President—Ralph Beckett.
Secretary—Marguerite Motie.
Treasurer—Arnold Gleason.
Director—I. C. Libby.

Sophomore A, Feb., '09, to June, '09

President—Arnold Gleason.
Vice-President—Carlton Greider.
Secretary—Sarah Stegner.
Treasurer—James Martin.
Director—Mrs. Sara F. Archer.

Senior A, Jan., '11, to June, '11

President—Ralph Beckett.
Vice-President—Oscar Rasmus.
Secretary—Marguerite Motie.
Treasurer—Claude Seehorn.
Director—Esra E. Lollar.



Fred Child: The raven himself is hoarse that croaks.

Margaret Hindle: I never knew woman so dote upon a man.

Barry Hillard: Love is blind and lovers cannot see the pretty follies
they themselves commit.

Martin Allen: So young, so wise, they say do never live.

Walter Larsh: What! Keep a week away, seven days and nights!

Arnold Gleason: What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife.

Nothing but sit and sit and eat and eat.

Hazel Fisher: In each cheek appears a dimple.

Margaret Anderson: Forsooth, I know not why I am so sad.

Ralph Beckett: Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.

Marion Bowers: I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Ida Carson: Something to do to procure me grace.

Leslie Hill: I never had to do with wicked spirits.

Katherine Burt: O, most divine Kate!

Etta Davenport: She is fair and of wondrous virtue.

Forrest Libenow: He wears the rose of youth upon him.

Maud Covington: That we women had men's privilege of speaking
first.

Elizabeth Laird: I will call for my pen and ink and will write my mind.

Warner Schmidt: Beseech you sir, be merry; you have cause.

Florine Valentine: A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds.

Reuben Wood: I know what 'tis to love.

Hazel West: She uttereth piercing eloquence.

Ruth Ceder: Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Walter Shiel: As stout and proud as he were lord of all.

Gertrude Davenport: There is nothing in this world that can make
me joy.

Pauline Child: With soft, low, longing and lowly courtesy.

Jack Ford: How green you are, and fresh in this old world.

Lucile Fisher: For she is wise if I am judge of her.

Russel Turner: I know not why I love this youth.

Muriel Ramage: But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Adolph Lange: And yet methinks I would not grow so fast.

Edith Ritter: He merits well to have her that doth seek her.

Ruth Maclin: A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men.

Claude Seehorn: Hungry as the sea and can digest as much.

Orin Moody: Thou art a gentleman and well derived.

Leonore Sweeny: As brown in hue as the hazelnuts.

And sweeter than the kernels.

Ralph Snyder: I am not in the role of common men.

Helen Redfern: Item! She doth talk in her sleep.

Albert Schrimpf: He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth.

Jessie Stryker: How may I reverently worship thee enough.

Clarence Feldman: I am the very pink of courtesy.

Mildred Linstrum: There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

Harold Brittell: He was a scholar and a ripe and good one.

Julia Chandler: As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.

Fae Dyke: Who choseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

Oscar McKy: Your bedded hair like life in increments starts up and
stands on end.

Hope Nourse: Faster than springtime shower come thought on thought.

Anna Peterson: You are too great to be by me gainsaid.

Byron Rainey: How happy some o'er than some can be.

Moki Nakayama: Disturb him not, let him pass peacefully.

Ethel Potter: She sings as sweet as a nightingale.

Donald Salter: Do I look like a staff or prop?

Lois Robinson: You shall be mistress and command him wholly.

Lucile Slater: A day in April never came so sweet.

Albert Anderson: So long a growing and so leisurely.

Mande Barker: She is not yet so old but she may learn.

Arthur Weller: 'Tis not thy want to be hindermost man.

Susan Thorne: I will be ever with thee, doubt it not.

Edwin Zabel: Bid me discourse and I will enchant thine ear.

Ruth Batchelder: And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Grace Bolger: I hold thee as a thing enskied and sainted.

Jay Humphrey: His fingers itch to sketch our single follies.

Earl Hollingsworth: Why do you bend such solemn brows upon me.

Helen Knapp: I have ever found thee honest.

Louise Green: But small to greater matters must give way.

Laura Eberlin: You could endure the living as a nun.

Roger Jamieson: How now, my love, why is your cheek to pale?

Louise Malmgren: As full of spirit as the month of May.

Francis Kolbe: What is the end of study? Let me know.

Mildred Munroe: For thou shalt find that she will outstrip all praise.

Paul Melville: The barber's man hath been seen with him and the
ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis
balls.

Gladys Watts: What's in the brain ink may character.

Edgar Johnson: To be fantastic may become a youth.

Emily Keith: I will note you in my book of memory.

Herman West: Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue.

Olga Gomness: Learning is but adjunct to ourselves.

Charles Beadle: He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares.

Clarence Crockwell: All my engagements I will construe to thee.

Coral Watson: Women will love her that she is a woman.

Stanley Guilbault: Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!

Grace Knudson: Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth.

Jennie McCormack: I find that thou art no less than fame hath buried.

Gussie Gilliland: I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.

Zell Hatch: For my voice, I have lost it with singing of anthems.

Anna Hofford: Mislike me not for my complexion.

Grace Grosscup: O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.

Myrtle Lehn: For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

True Custer: Rude am I in my speech.

Lorna Brown: O, hold me not with silence over long!

Alice Jenkins: To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.

Editha Dean: Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low.

Edna Pearson: There is no hope that ever I will stay.

Herbert Swanson: He hath a stern look but a gentle heart.

Ora Landis: Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

Annabelle Moore: For what I will, I will, and there's an end!

- Wilbur Robinson: O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
Ruth Pugh: O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face.
Guy Stegner: A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy.
Roy Bower: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some
have greatness thrust upon them.
Maurice MacGregor: I dare do all that may become a man.
Myra Scott: Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue.
Harry Peterson: Would he were fatter, but I fear him not.
Fred Carlson: My lungs begin to crow like chanticleer.
Ernest Majer: Fortune and I are friends.
Lawrence Roedel: My salad days, when I was green in judgment.
Evelyn Ballow: I am perplexed and know not what to say.
Aimee Votaw: I have reached the highest point of all my greatness.
Arthur Swanson: A merry heart goes all the day.
Adelaide Miller: Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Norma Moore: It is not right when I do see your face.
Edna Phinney: I do profess to be no less than I seem.
Ruth Myers: If knowledge be the mark, to know thee doth suffice.
Tully Stallard: My heart is great, my reason happily more.
Marguerite Motie: This is the flower that smiles on every one.
Marjorie Willhoite: Here art thou in appointment, fresh and fair.
Glenna Mead: Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep.
Bert Runner: But screw your courage to the sticking point.
Chester Muller: Let me have audience! I am sent to speak.
Oscar Rasmus: Helen, I love thee, by my life I do.
Sarah Stegner: If I chance to talk a little while forgive me.
Aimee Waters: Item: She has many nameless virtues.
Catherine Turner: Thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Eyla Walker: Why look thou still so stern and tragical?
Willa Andrews: I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine.
Leon Wiese: Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love!
Marland Bertenshaw: Wouldn't thou then counsel me to fall in love?
Lilly Donahue: Your own glass shows you when you look into it.
Walden Muller: And like thou knowest thy own estimate.
Agnes Roberts: 'Tis fresh morning with me when you are by.
Olive Klane: O, gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
Homer Shull: Give him a little earth for charity.

- Alonzo Bell: Yon have too much respect upon the world.
Max Gardner: O, well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson!
Marie Simplic: A gentler heart did never sway in court.
Berteh Moye: Hath any man seen him at the barber's?
Lucy Sherwood: Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look.
Harold Geiger: Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.
Eva Spurlock: I never did repent for doing good.
Vernon McCain: Green indeed is the color of lovers.
Lillian Ternstrom: Past, and to come seem best: things present, worst.
Philip Brooke: I think the boy hath grace in him, he blushes.
Carleton Greider: God bless my ladies! Are they all in love?
Raymond Campbell: A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly
shot off.
Homer Kunkle: I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is
in other men.
Percy Campbell: Comb down his hair! Look! Look! It stands upright!
Vera Henderson: Say she be mnte, and will not speak a word.
Clarence Ewing: For he is fierce and cannot brook strong language.
Engene Colm: Not soon provoked, nor being provoked, soon calmed.
Carl Johns: The spirit of the time shall make me speed.
Elsa Eggerth: Why do we hold our tongues that most may claim this
argument for onrs.
Kenneth McBride: I promise yon my heart is very jocund.
Lee Laird: Your wit makes wise things foolish.
Carl Nicholson: No, no, I am but shadow of myself.
Jessie Neill: Though last, not least in love.
Sweets to the sweet, farewell!



VELVM REDVCTVM



Argument.

The host of June, '11, lay siege against the underclassmen to recover Graduation Lines 1-17). A council is called to discuss methods of ending the war (Lines 18-64). Shiel organizes an entertainment for the occasion (Lines 65-88). Ulysses' wisdom (89-132). While waiting for the sacrifice to take place, the ballet dancers come (133-171). Morning in the camp of the host (172-204). The temple (205-277). After the sacrifice, the host retires to await the oracle of the gods, and the games take place (278-319). The march to the place of the oracle (320-349). The debate and the decision (349-365).



- HE mighty Hart upon his lofty throne
 In silent wonder sat and looked below;
 A little spot upon the earth burned hot
 Where raged a war like mighty thunder storm.
 5 From 'lympic heights, he silently looked down,
 And noting Beckett's lassitude, gave forth,—
 "Oh mighty Hargreave, look you; yonder lies
 On Spokane's fertile plain two armies pitched
 In awful warfare; what is your opine?"
 10 "The Senior A's they are, and all the rest
 Are but the underclassmen, who, I wot,
 Have held the seige which these four years ago
 Was laid by June, '11, strong and brave.
 Fair graduation, beautiful was she,
 15 Whom June, '11, long since having won,
 Was stolen by a man inferior,
 And hidden mongst the people of his tribe."

The Council.

- The gods took counsel as did so the class,
 To find what course t'were better to pursue:
- 20 The class at last decided that 'twere best
 To humble all the hostiles to the dust.
 Some gods there were who sided still with them:
 Staid Lollar with his kindly, steady mein,—
 The merry Libby with his ready smile,
- 25 Coquettish Collins flirting all the while.
 And luminous Filer,—justice-dealing he.
 Against the noble class went Beddall stern,
 Whose mighty anger filled the gloomy hills,—
 Whose fist a dent had made in many a desk
- 30 Reproving erring Juniors; there were two
 Who worked in powerful unison to see
 How many seniors they could scare to death,—
 These two were Feldman mild, and Endslow great.
 And some there were who sat upon the fence,—
- 35 (If such there be around Olympus' head,—
 Who would not aid the senior, nor yet stay
 His progress up the stony hill. Of these,
 Sir Wallace firmly held the lead, while Nunn,
 A spritely elf, stayed by to help his sway.
- 40 The Beckett, leader of the Senior Force,
 And Gleason, who near by him ever stood,
 With Greider also for his counsel wise,—
 The business of the class he tried to sway.
 Four years the battle waged without avail.
- 75 For Graduation still to Juniors clung.
 At last the armies worn, and weary, too,
 In council once for all were lastly met.
 The wise men of the Senior A's were there;
 Slight Hill, whose ever ready smile shone up
- 50 To meet the frosty glance of stately Child;
 And Muller One, whose eloquence oft spoke;
 There, too, was Muller two; he's always broke,
 And when a trip to trent he wished to take,
 Must always seek Jack Ford, whose bank account
- 55 Were bigger than his bad ease of swelled head.
 And Adolph, the Goliath of the tribe,
 With sweet Alonzo under his right wing;
 Sir Kunkle came with Chemistry, 'tis said,
 And Raymond Campbell, with his noble head

- 60 Crammed full of Economics dope, and such.
 Then Percy Campbell came to keep the peace,
 And Walter Shiel to finance the affair,
 By means of advertising, he devised
 A scheme to pay expenses of the tribe.

Shiel's Circus.

- 65 To Baker (Mande) he then essayed to go,
 For she could scare the rest of us to death.—
 And Marguerite's dramatic powers sought;
 Then Annabelle with Aimee Votaw pitched
 In worthy battle; Who could talk the most?
 70 Said Shiel to Martin Allen, "List to me!
 Get thou Miss Redfern to appear in play
 With Byron Raney as Jack Sprat et ux,
 And I'll give thee a boon which thou may'st name,
 Yet one more favor must I still require."
 75 Cease thou the strife 'tween Larsh, and Seehorn now,
 O'er Muriel's fair hand. What wilt thou ask?"
 Upon his knees, the noble Martin fell.
 "Grant me but three more inches to my height,
 And take the auburn tints out of my hair,
 80 And I will give thee more than thou hast named.
 I'll get Maria Simpich to wake up,
 And Ora Landis' hair to quench its flame,
 Ruth Myers shall cease talking in her sleep,
 And Etta Davenport, and Grosseup, too,
 85 Shall us no longer wake at midnight hours,
 With feline serenades. And Kathryn Burt
 Shall enter fistie combat with Lee Laird.
 (I'll bet on Kathryn. Lee is writing jokes!)"

The Meeting.

- At last the meeting was to order called,
 90 And all the tribesmen listened in dismay.
 Shiel's circus was a marvelous success,
 And all the gods seemed greatly entertained.
 But they refused to grant the Senior tribe
 A single inch of progress in the war.
 95 To the rescue came Ulysses Homer Shull
 Whose serious mind, and sober, thoughtful face
 Had oft inspired us all to do our worst,
 And sent Miss Dillon to the hostile side.

Ulysses' Wisdom.

- Said he, " 'Tis but a month this war shall last.
 100 Our warriors shall be lined up for the fray,—
 And we shall to the temple then repair,
 And offer up our sacrifice and prayer.
 And three or four brave warriors shall burn
 105 To satisfy the vengeance of the gods.
 And win Fair Gradnation back to us.
 There's Ethel Potter, who sizzles first,
 And Hazel West, another one shall fry
 Olga Gomness lots of smoke will make;
 100 And Catherine Turner, who with Vera H——,
 Plus Jessie Neill, and tall Grace Bolger, too,
 Shall be the Pillars for the sacrifice,
 Upon whose heads the monster plate shall rest,
 Whereon shall burn '11's lovely maids.
 115 The warriors let us choose from out the ranks,—
 Gussie Gilliland we'll take the first,
 And John MacGregor next shall fry, for us:
 Such citizens as these who help us not,
 But still and quiet in their shells remain,—
 120 The gods prefer the active man, and these
 Have helped us not and shall straightway be thinned.
 Kind Stallard still another one shall be,
 And Philip Brooke, a handsome warrior he,
 And one whose face so fair we hate to spoil.
 125 The Priest a dignified and stately man,
 Roy Bower, serious shall say the rites:
 The Nakayama be, his dusky page,
 And Emma Miller scatter flowers afore,
 Ralph Snyder shall the sweet responses sing,
 130 Provided we can make him cease his play
 At making faces 'fore the looking glass,
 Preparing for his public speaking class."

The Council Over, the Amusements Begin.

- Slowly then the heroes all filed out,
 And hied them to their noble camping grounds.
 135 'Twas growing dusk and in the early morn
 The sacrifice would start, and so to lull
 Their troubled minds there came a score of youth,
 To sing and dance and end the weary day,
 Premier dansnese, the petite Norma was.

- 140 With Edgar following close upon her train.
 Alyce Jenkins, slight and slender, too,
 And Anna Hofford chanting her wierd song,
 Of "Harry will be ont tonight at eight."
 The twain escorted Wilbur Robinson.
- 145 And Leon Wiese was soon to follow them.
 Ruth Ceder with her pensive, serious face,
 And Louise Malmgren, slight of girth was she:
 Then Rena Bigelow, who for too much weight
 Was dieting on Hazel Fisher's cooking.
- 150 Ruth Pugh was next to join the happy throng.
 Then Lucy Sherwood, —clad in flowing robes,—
 Whose classic grace, and noble tow'ring height,
 Commended her for splendid footlight work,
 Came Eve Sperlock's graceful presence, too.
- 155 With Lilly Donahue to end the drill.
 Clarence Ewing danced with Lilly tall,
 And Orrin Moody with the Jenkys slight,
 And Albert Schrimpf another light foot was
 Then Arthur Weller bold, and masterful
- 160 With Lawrence Roedel danced in rythmic swing.
 Guy Stegner wondered where his sister was,
 And finding that the lovely Sarah, too,
 Had left him to become a "pensive man",
 Joined in the Gaiety with purpose mad.
- 165 And drew in with him Max, a handsome lad
 Whom all the girls adored and would have saved
 Him from the treach'rous monster's grasp of death.
 Thus danced the score until the armies slept,
 And from his tent the herald bade them go.

Morning.

- 175 When morning came, the breakfast bell was rung.
 By Oscar Rasmus, who because of his
 Slight stature chose to be the mascot sweet
 Of all the army of the Senior A's.
 He loved to get up early in the morn.
- 175 And thus was chosen for the flunkey post.
 At last the tonsled heads peeped forth from tents,
 The Swanson brothers leading in the march:
 For breakfast was a meal that all would dread
 Since Edna Pearson, cook, and Myra Scott
- 180 Insisted that they all get up in time

- To wash their faces and arrange their hair.
 'Twas Herman West who had the hardest time
 To curl his hair, and handsome Barrymore
 Was often forced to go without his cakes
 185 Because he would not wash his pretty face,
 And spoil the labor of his leisure hours,
 In blending all the colors thereupon.
 When all the host were seated at the board
 The waitresses assembled to perform
 190 The services of feeding all the babes
 Who had to eat their oatmeal with a spoon.
 First Pickles Carson put on Florine's bib.
 Miss Peterson looked after Reuben Wood,
 And spoke to him long volumes from Shakespeare
 195 To keep him from upsetting all his milk,
 To those who were more dignified et al.
 Rose Brown attended, yes, and Pauline Child.
 At one end of the room sat Editha,
 Who poured the coffee, and the pickles served.
 200 And lovely Fae came (she that was expelled
 From Pluto's realms for flirting with the cook)
 And served the toothpicks with her merry grin.
 After all the host had breakfasted,
 They hied them to the temple to implore
 205 The lenience of the gods and goddesses.

The Temple.

- Glenna Mead admitted them with in,
 And Beadle, he was there collecting toll:
 Each person must a joke unto him give
 Before the oaken portal could be passed.
 210 Olive Klane and Edith Ritter tall,
 Were stately ushers in the temple's hall.
 Two statues stood before the temple's shrine,
 One, chaste Diana, Lucile Fisher stood,—
 The other Louise Green, Minerva strong,
 215 Dealt justice to the offending Senior host.
 Within the choir loft Lorna Brown was placed,
 Pumping the organ with most queeuely grace,
 While Laura Eberlin in elfish glee
 Molded the air in mellow, vibrant notes.
 220 True Crisler clad in robes of spotless white
 Sang base in all the chants the rites required.

- And Marjorie Willhoite's flutelet voice spoke out,
 And Lillian Ternstrom, masterful and strong,
 Wielded the baton and in wild tones,
 225 Shrieked at Ernest Majer to refrain
 From making faces at the stately priest.
 McBride in solitary splendor sat
 Squeleching frivolous girls. Beneath his hat
 He held three angle worms, and twenty toads,
 230 With which when church was called, he meant to scare
 Miss Eggerth, who, right goddess like was she,—
 Was looking wise to bluff her Physics Prof.
 Vernon McCain was late that morn to church,
 Because he had to have his dark locks sheared,
 235 And Russell Turner had to stay at home,
 To nurse a blackened eye and cracked jaw
 Which he had got for butting in, they say.
 Aimee Watters doll dress was not done, and
 She at home to finish it remained.
 240 Bert Runner's infant wails were heeded not,
 He'd fallen from his go-cart's lofty height,
 And, rising, toddled on to church alone,
 And bent pins to be used next morn in school
 To terrorize the girls who near him sat.
 245 Carl Philip Johns was sitting on a fence,
 Posing for a photograph for Moya,—
 Whose temperament toward works of art would trend.
 Fair Julia Chandler, quiet and demure
 A critic was, and no one would she spare.
 250 Up in the choir loft some cherubs sat
 Worked out in frieze around the chandeliers.
 Donald Salter smiled serapically,
 And Clarence Feldman peaceful and content
 Because his brother helped him study out
 255 His Physics; there was Maclin, too,
 Whose fiery temper had been tamed so well.
 Albert Anderson another was,
 Who, taller than most cherubs, looked as though
 He dared not smile any for fear he's lose
 260 A few pounds more of his much needed weight.
 At last the burning sacrifice began,
 And Stanley Guilbault soon began to howl.
 Grace Knudson seconded his wild appeal.
 They wailed in duo 'til the rites were done.
 265 And Zabel called to see what they would have.

- "Our little Batchelder is lost to us
 Unless you save her from his mighty wrath.
 Great Beddell would annihilate her now;
 Oh, save our darling ere she's lost indeed!"
 270 Harold Britell to the rescue came.
 A warrior bold, and masterful was he.
 Susan Thorne went, too, to urge him on,
 And tiny Ruth was rescued safe and sound.
 Mildred Edith Linstrum then announced
 275 That all the Senior A's would meet at noon
 And there receive the answer of the gods.
 In revel then, the host essayed to play,
 Until the time of meeting should be called.

The Games.

- Miss Coral Watson started up the game.
 280 "Let 's all play drop the handkerchief," she cried.
 Emma Keith was chosen to be it.
 For in baseball, she surely was a shark.
 And she could run like twenty whirlwinds, too.
 She dropped the handkerchief to Warner Schmidt,
 285 Who wasn't just expecting it and so
 Was fondly gazing at Miss Gladys Watts.
 Who tried to be so very unconcerned.
 Poor Warner then was placed within the ring.
 And Francis Kolbe, cherub like was he.
 290 So slight and doll-like chased around the ring.
 He dropped the handkerchief to Helen Knapp,
 Who then suggested that they change the game.
 A baseball game was started with Lenore
 Maria Agnes Sweeny at the bat.
 295 Fair Jessie Stryker tried to find the plate.
 Miss Evelyn Ballou, a "catchy" girl.
 Was trying to put on her catchers' mask.
 The thing got tangled in her Titian locks.
 And to the rescue came Earle Hollingsworth;
 300 He quickly fixed the mask, and Marion Bowers
 Essayed to be the umpire. Gertrude D.
 Was fielder; Agnes Roberts at shortstop;
 Maude Covington the score to keep was named.
 And then the Umpire called the game to start.
 305 All the fans were there. Gimsanlus Hemp
 Was tearing his long locks in wild attempt

- To keep Hope Nourse from betting all her cash.
 And Oscar Mac was there with Mildred M——
 Whose hair was madly flying in the breeze.
 310 Clarice Nevada Crockwell lost her shoe,
 Which Roger Jamieson, so princely, found
 And searched in vain for Cinderella's home,——
 But he got lost, and Harry Peterson
 Attacked the knight and got the tiny shoe.
 315 You know the rest,—her sister, Jennie Mae
 Kicked up a fuss because the tiny shoe
 Was much too large to fit her trillie foot.
 Paul Melville finally sounded out the call
 The host in solemn march then slowly filed.
 320 With Margaret Anderson the stately head.

The March to the Appointed Place.

- Zell Hatch was bubbling round throughout the ranks
 Lining up the stragglers in the line.
 The most rebellious of the naughty ones
 Eliza Laird was fussing o'er her hat
 325 Which Margaret Hindle said was much too large.
 Miss Olive Lehn peace maker tried to be
 And Margaret swatted her with fiendish glee
 Miss Phinney's pugilistic ire was roused
 And she with Eyla Walker squelched the twain,
 330 And Margaret's head's a blooming witness to it.
 Miss Willa Andrews and Sir Bertenshaw
 With Oscar Carlson started on a race
 To reach the place of meeting ere the rest.
 They met an accident upon the way.
 335 For Eugene Cohn was driving a big van
 Of furniture which to Olympus' height
 Was bound, to start housekeeping rooms to let.
 Lucile Elder sat upon the top
 Catching flies for Harold Geiger's bait.
 340 Carl Nicholson, a mighty runner he,——
 Announced the senior host but two rods back.
 Then climbed the host at once upon the van,
 'Cept Lois Robinson, whose hobble skirt
 Came very nearly sending her head long.
 345 Lucile Lavina Slater sang a song.
 I think 'twas "Love me and the World is Mine."
 At last the host assembled at the place.

- The time was there, but nowhere could be found,
 The maid, whom all adored, and none might have
 350 Until the Mighty Hart his will should speak.
 Kind Lollar came again the cause to plead,
 And Merry Libby smiled contentedly.
 "Don't worry," was his council to the host.
 And Cruel Wallace, who upon the fence
 355 Had sat and would not cast his needed vote;
 At last came down and talked for twenty hours,
 Upon the need of "theory," not "facts."
 And "Bear in mind," he sweetly counseled us,
 And so forth. While we list there comes a sound,
 360 A trumpet note, triumphant, clear and glad,—
 A wild hurrah goes up from all the host,
 For in a golden chariot there comes,
 Fair Graduation driving back to us,—
 Behind the steeds of Gladness and Regret,—
 365 Gladness for the joy of duties done,—
 Regret to leave the field of vic'tries won.
-

- And so the war was ended; and the host
 Departed for the wild and treach'rous sea
 Of life, where each must rule the troubled helm
 370 Of his own boat, the ship of Destiny.





Commencement

Music—"Cincinnati Post".....Keohr
High School Orchestra.

Invocation—The Rev. Will A. Betts, D.D.

Chorus—"The Waltz Song," from
FaustGounod
Senior Class.

Oration—"The Patriotism of Peace."
Chester La Vern Muller.

Oration—"The City's Call to Arms."
Ora Irene Landis.

Vocal Solo—(a) "For You Alone"....Geehl
(b) "I Love My Love"
..... Pinsuti
Fred Child.

Oration—"The Lure of the West."
Ruth Margaret Myers.

Oration—"The Expedition of Lewis and
Clark."
Leslie Charles Hill.

Oration—"Sacajawea."
Annabelle Moore.

Oration—"The Star of Empire."
Wilbur Hildson Robinson.

Chorus—"Stars and Stripes".....Sousa

Presentation of Diplomas—
Mr. Arthur W. Davis, President
Board of School Directors.

Music—"Union Forever"Scouton
High School Orchestra.

IS IT LOVE?

Is it love when your heart beats faster,
Whenever the two of you meet?
Is it love that when you passed her,
Your cheek felt a sudden heat?
Is it love when your vision trembles,
And swims when you see one girl?
Is it love when for you she dissembles
The defiant air of a churl?
Is it Cupid that causes these feelings?
Is it love—who will answer this question?
These throbbings and whirlings and reelings.
Is it love—or just indigestion?



January '12



HERE have I seen those words before? Now I remember! It was one Friday morning when I was coming to school. I got off the street car and lo and behold! everywhere I looked I saw those magic numerals. On the sidewalks, barns, stores, and fences. Of course it was an awful thing but it at least showed that we had a live class.

To come right down to it, we have always had a live class. We started in as freshmen and performed the unprecedented feat of winning the debate championship. We have been somewhat busy in athletics, too. Can anyone name a team that has represented the school in the last three years, either in football, basket ball or track work, that "Our John" hasn't been on? Maybe you noticed those punts that Kyte made last fall. It seems to me that Wooster has earned a few S's himself. And Byrd, when he isn't getting excuses for tardiness, plays a little baseball, too. Last February, after almost going down on our knees, we were allowed to organize. We had almost decided to elect Louis Seagrave to every office, but—not quite. Finally we agreed on what we guarantee to be the best list of officers ever elected in this school. John Faucher, when he isn't doing the "My hero" stunt in front of the P. G. room, is our president. Lewis (enpid) Schwellenbach—by the way if you happen to want a good girl apply to him, he has plenty left over from the senior reception—is vice-president. Alice Lindsay, accompanied by L. W. on the French Horn, is secretary. For treasurer we knew that we had to secure a ladies' man to collect from the girls. So we decided on Walter Goar, and although he seems to spend most of his time collecting dues on the corner of Sixth and Bernard, he has succeeded fairly well. For our executive committee we chose Dell McCormick, the most artistic boy in the class; Vic Sieler, who seems to have lost his heart: Richard Munter, the



Human Pacifier, also noted for his fishing ability; Arthur Schulein, the aristocrat of the class, and finally, in order to prove that we were perfectly modern and up-to-date, we decided that Dorothy Dutton and her hobble skirt were absolutely necessary.

Under these officers we have made great progress and have decided to fete the graduating class at Liberty Lake. Say! have you seen our pins! Of all the classy looking pins that have ever come into the school they certainly are the best.

But alas! along with all this good luck there must also come some poor luck. We saw it coming for months but could hardly believe it. And even after we were confronted with the awful facts, we could not realize that although we still had him in body, we had lost Mr. Wallace in heart and soul. According to the latest rumor, "it" is to come off in August. And, although we hate to lose him, the class of January, 12, wishes Mr. Wallace all possible happiness in his future.



JANUARY, 1912

Ruth Allenburg	Margaret Jensen	John Ritchie
Florence Arnin	Verne Johnson	Vera Roeder
Edward Angluey	Mabel Jones	Josephine Rogers
Frances Bolger	Verne Kelsey	Monroe Sanders
Dora Bower	Fay Kirk	Bertha Schaeffer
Otie Bower	Cress Koontz	Arthur Schmelein
Emily Bradley	George Kronenberg	Lewis Schwellenbach
Louise Brosinski	Cecil Kyte	Louis Seagraves
Walter Burrington	Mary Lakey	Flossie Settlemeier
Carroll Byrd	Verona Lange	Victor Sieler
Marguerite Coffin	Belle Lawson	Ethel Sommer
Benj. Contright	Alice Lindsay	Florence Steffer
Dan. Crosswell	Bernice Lucas	Tessie Stevens
Grace Dean	Edith MacDonald	Maud Stites
Dorothy Dutton	Dell McCormack	Eliz. Stone
Llewellyn Ewing	Estella McKay	Frances Tate
John Faucher	Rose McKenzie	Ansel Teft
Francis Fuller	Ruth Maurer	Fay Thomas
Walter Goar	Leila Miller	Lucile Watson
Gertrude Hall	Mildred Moran	Alene Webber
Mildred Hansen	Richard Munter	Mac White
Maude Herrington	Irene Norquist	Clyde Welley
Robt. Hillard	Cornelia Oerter	Ruby Wolcott
John Hindle	Agnes Oliver	Harold Wooster
Edith Hocking	Douglas Parker	Laura Yoke
Marie James	Eliz. Richardson	Mary Zable
Arthur Jeffery	Marie Riddeford	Henry Zilka

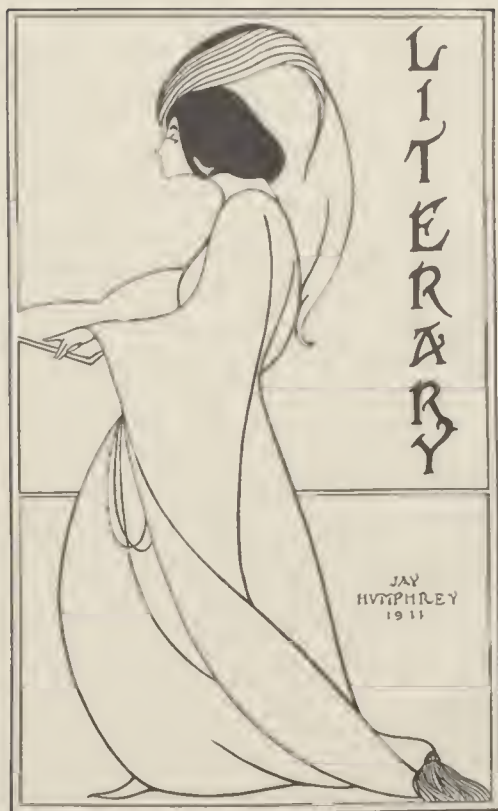
POLONIUS TO HIS SON

(Especially recommended to the attention of Sophs.—Freshies are too young to understand.)



UR blessing with thee, Sophs and Freshies dear,
 Keep these few precepts in thy memory;
 Give thy tongue no thoughts, nor any aet a reason.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means fresh;
 Those friends thou hast and their importance tried,
 Work them for all that thou canst well secure;

But do not waste thy energies on those
 Who cannot aid thy social aspirations.
 Beware of eating in the lunch room,
 But if thou **must**,—eat all that thou canst hold,
 For one pie serveth as an antidote
 Unto another pie. Give every man
 Thy hand, dear girls, but very few thy lips;
 Take every teacher's lecture patiently,
 But list to none but Mr. Malcolm Douglas.
 Costly thy sweetheart as thy purse can buy,
 No youth can well maintain an airship girl
 Upon a wheel-barrel salary; neat but not gaudy
 Let thine own dear "true-love" be.
 Let not thy socks be overly bedight;
 It is unseemly on so large a foot.
 Never a lender, but a borrower be,
 For thrifty borrowing oft enriches man,
 And lending stints the purse of him who lends.
 This, above all: O Juniors wheedle "Mack,"
 And to thine own experiments be true;
 And it must follow as our Arnold Edith,
 Thou canst not possibly then pass.
 Farewell; our blessing season this in thee.





The Old South High



ON APRIL 8th, 1911, Theodore Roosevelt laid the cornerstone of the Lewis and Clark High School. On that day the South Central High School became a memory.

Spokane's first High School was a square wooden structure on the present "Lewis and Clark" site. It had but six or eight rooms, which housed some of the lower grades, as well as those of the High School. On its front, in large letters, were painted the words, "School House," to point out to the doubting that it was not a barn. Mr. Jonathan Heaton, still a Spokane citizen and ex-member of the Board of Education, was its principal. In 1890 the building was moved to make way for a new and beautiful brick structure. For the citizens of a city hardly twenty years old to erect a \$100,000 school house was truly remarkable. In May, 1891, the first students entered their new home—in June, '10, the last left it. Into these nineteen years were crowded many events of interest—too many to mention here.

The late J. B. Walker was the first principal in the new building, and had associated with him Miss Kate Reed, and possibly a teacher of modern language. A year later Mrs. Jones was advanced from the grades to high-school work. Thus the faculty numbered not more than four. At that time there were about forty students. Think of the eighty teachers and the two thousand students of today!

There were several societies and clubs, and many students now in school remember with pleasure some of the more recent ones.

Miss Dora Doble, a member of the June, '10, class—the last class to graduate from the old South High—writes:

"You of the old S. C. H. S. have not forgotten the Girls' Literary.



have you? Remember those programs we gave! How you laughed at Gordon Davis and his struggles with the two telephones! And even now the strains of "The Red Mill" remind you of Florence McEachran. And don't you remember Verna Prescott's 'Charley says' and Georgie Ingersoll's 'boo-hoos' in 'The Conclusion'? Perhaps some of you boys were lucky enough to have been invited to that Hallowe'en jollification in the gym, Oct. 13, 1910. You still smack your lips over the memory of the 'cats' we gave you that night. But if I keep on 'remembering' I'll talk till Doomsday.

"Besides the good times we had some practical work. Many of us will owe our start in the field of literary endeavor to the Girls' Literary. We showed our love to the old S. C. H. S. in numerous gifts, chief among them being the companion picture to Mr. Beare's memorial on the east wall of the main hall.

"All our old stand-bys are going to college now, staying at home, learning to cook, or otherwise usefully occupying themselves. All the former members of the society and those interested both in its work and in its play, unite its name in loving memory with the South Central High."

Then there was the Debating Society. With ranks greatly thinned by graduation, it produced, during the last year in the South Central, a state team which was victorious until the semi-finals, and the first winning school team since 1908. Inter-class debates were commenced early in the fall semester, and the semi-final and final debates were delivered in chapel for the first time in the history of the school. Miss Florence Lillquist and Owen Kilgore, representing the Freshman B Class, were victorious, theirs being the last names to be inscribed upon the Alumni Cup in the library.

In the meetings of the society considerable variety and fun was introduced into the programs, which added spice and gave instruction in forms of public speaking—speaking other than debating. An elaborately planned mock trial lasted through several meetings, and the members of the society and many visitors still have mirthful recollections of the remarkable testimony of the witnesses. The acquittal of the accused left the murderer still at large, and no one was able to claim the reward which the society offered for the capture of the

assassin. It is reported that the troubled spirit of the departed still haunts the South Central campus; let us hope that the first act of the Debating Society of the Lewis and Clark High School will be to punish the assassin and quiet the High School Ghost.

Farther back, there was the German Society, formed for the purpose of furthering German in the school as a conversational language. It was organized in 1906, with Miss Crook as the faculty member, and held at first weekly and then fortnightly meetings for two years. Recitations, essays, and even a debate were given in German. With the fees the club purchased a number of splendid German song-books, and much enjoyment was gained from them. The club ended its career with a very successful German play. The proceeds amounted to over \$60.00, and with the money the club generously purchased a number of books and pictures, which they presented to the school.

The society of which the South Central was, and had the right to be, most proud was the Quills. It was organized early in 1908 under the direction of Mr. Filer. Only the best and most promising English students were nominated for the try-out, and only those who submitted the best original productions were chosen. Thus the high standard of the society was immediately established. Thirty contestants from the three lower class of the school were selected for membership, with Miss Collins, Mr. Filer, and Mr. Uhl as faculty directors. Previous to the graduation of any Quills, contests similar to the first were held and enough new members chosen to fill the vacancies. Miss Jackson succeeded Mr. Uhl and Mr. Wier temporarily took her place during 1910. This year Miss Jackson has returned and two new faculty members have been chosen, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Hemp.

Every other Friday afternoon during each school year, meetings were held. Most interesting programs, consisting of stories and verses written by the members, were presented, and in 1909 an excellent collection of original verses was published in book form. Last year the 1910 Quill Book was issued. It contained a number of unusually good stories, as well as many creditable verses.

In the ranks of the Quills have been the best debaters and orators of the South Central, and also the best and most original students. They were better represented on the "Orange and Black" staff than

any other organization in the school. That publication accepted their contributions in preference to all others.

Since no societies have been permitted to organize this school year, the Quills held informal meetings at the homes of the members. A 1911 Quill Book has been issued, and, although less pretentions than that of 1910, it is yet an excellent publication, filled with many short, original, and very interesting poems and stories.

Older graduates remember with as much fondness other societies as we do these more recent ones, but all who were once students of the dear old South Central—whether men and women, or boys and girls—remember with equal love the happy days spent within its walls.



COMMENCEMENT SONG



OUR school days past, we're free at last
To greet the mighty battle-field of life!
For happy days, and carefree ways
A time of ceaseless toil and strife!
We've watched the quickening hours slip by,
And, with the din of battle nigh,
We hope to fight and win!
Whether life's way be strewn with pleasant flowers,
Or threatened with perils benighting,
We will strive with the strength of all our powers,
And we'll win the day, or bravely die a-fighting!

Farewell to the school that we love!
To the friends we have made and are leaving!
As firm as the blue sky above
We'll ever strive to be!
When bowing to wild Fortune's wheel,
Or honors of victory receiving,
Such spirit of pride may we feel
No friendly mind in us can find
A cause for grieving.

—Aimee Votaw.

When Brown Turned Blue



By Russell Bjorn.



WHEN, after the usual station whistle, the engineer of the westbound limited blew two short blasts indicating that in response to some signal he would stop at the station, the agent at Eldara was considerably surprised.

That the limited had a passenger for Eldara seemed certain; but who would wish to get off there? Eldara was not a city, nor a town, nor even a hamlet. The only thing visible was the station shanty, which was occupied by the agent, whose duties consisted principally in receiving an occasional train and fighting mosquitoes. The nearest farm house was two miles; and the nearest town was eight. So altogether desolate and uninviting was Eldara station, that even the conductor complained whenever he was flagged. When the train came to a stop a man got off, but no sooner was he safely on the ground than the limited started with a jerk, and was soon fading slowly from view down the long, straight stretch of track.

The newcomer wore a black Prince Albert coat and a rather broad brimmed hat. He looked very scholarly behind his steel rimmed glasses. He carried an umbrella and a small grip and looked about him uncertainly. He had evidently expected some one to meet him; but aside from the agent who stood in the doorway, no living soul was visible. Then the man let his vision circumscribe a wider circle, as though expecting to see the steeples, spires and habitations of a city; but all he could see was a low bog, rank grass, and pools of water. Presently he spied the agent, and raising his chin he regarded him through the

bottom of his glasses. "Sir," he asked, "don't the busses meet this train?"

"Busses!" replied the agent, serenely. "What busses?"

"Why, the busses from the hotels, uptown."

The man in the Prince Albert was growing impatient.

"From the hotels up town!" The agent looked at the man wonderingly. "Hardly! There aren't any busses; there aren't any hotels; there isn't any town."

"No town!" The man looked at the agent amazed. "Where do people put up when they come here?"

"They don't put up anywhere," replied the agent. "They don't come here."

"Well, well!" soliquized the new arrival, stroking his chin in deep perplexity. But another thought suddenly came to him.

"Perhaps," he said, "you can tell me where they are holding the Chantauqua?"

"The Chantauqua! I never heard of any Chantauqua around here," replied the agent. "They hold a campmeeting in the grove five miles from here every summer; but I don't know of any Chantauqua."

"But there is a Chantauqua," persisted the stranger. "I know there is."

"You must be mistaken," returned the agent.

"Indeed I'm not! I've been engaged to deliver a lecture at the Eldara Chantauqua. That's what I came here for. I am Professor James Carlton Brown of Zoology and Natural History Department of Missonri University, and I'm to lecture on 'Nature Fakers.'"

"Not here," insisted the agent, shaking his head. "There isn't any place around here to deliver a lecture, and there isn't anything to listen to you execept about two thousand four hundred and seven bull frogs and myself."

Professor Brown took a folded sheet of paper from his pocket and shook it in the face of the agent.

"What?" he cried. "Do you doubt what I say? Do you deny that this is Eldara?"

"No," admitted the agent, sadly. "This is Eldara and there isn't another place on earth like it."

The professor opened the document in his hand.

"Here is the contract between the Chautauqua Association and me. Read it and see for yourself."

The agent took the paper and read it slowly and when he had finished a sly twinkle was in his eye.

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, it doesn't say anything about any Chautauqua at Eldara," remarked the agent.

"What?" The professor of zoology was plainly becoming excited.

"Here!" He ran his finger along the written lines until he came to a certain word. "What's that? Isn't that Eldara?"

"I don't think so?" replied the agent calmly. "I think that word is Eldora. That first 'a' isn't 'a' at all; it's an 'o.'"

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "I do believe that is an 'o.' Eldora! Eldora! Where is Eldora?"

"Eldora," replied the agent after a moment's thought, "is about three hundred miles from here. It's on another line. You've got to go to the junction and then north."

"And what time can I get there?" inquired the professor, gazing hopefully at the other.

"If you start today and don't miss connections at the junction, you will get there at 11:05 tomorrow morning," replied the agent.

"At eleven-five!" gasped Mr. Brown. "But I've got to give my lecture tonight at eight o'clock!"

After a few moment's figuring on how the professor could reach Eldora the agent suggested that he wire the Chautauqua officials to change the program.

"To be sure, to be sure!" said Mr. Brown.

He picked up his grip and followed the agent into the shanty. Two minutes later he finished a telegram to the secretary of the Eldora Chautauqua. He handed the message to the agent who counted the words and said, "Twenty-five cents, please."

The professor pulled forth a silver dollar, handed it to the agent and received three quarters in change. When the agent had sent the

telegram, he turned around and still found Mr. Brown at the ticket window.

"When you have time," remarked the professor quietly, "you may give me a ticket to Eldora."

"I don't sell coupon tickets," the agent explained, "but I can sell you a ticket to the junction."

The agent immediately placed a ticket before the professor, saying, "Five dollars, please."

On opening his wallet Mr. Brown soon discovered that he lacked the money to buy the ticket. He hastily explained that he never carried very much money when traveling, as he considered it dangerous.

"But," he said, "if you will kindly direct me to the postoffice I can cash a draft."

"But there isn't any postoffice here," replied the agent.

"No postoffice!" Brown gazed solemnly at the agent. When at last he spoke it was with great deliberation. "Sir," he said, "will you please inform me what there is here?"

"There is a railroad station here," replied the agent; "only a station."

"Ah!" the professor's eyes gleamed mockingly. "And this is the railroad station, this imposing edifice in which we now stand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have the honor of being the agent of this magnificent grand station in this beautiful city, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, perhaps you will kindly cash this draft for me, after first deducting the price for the ticket."

"Me!" gasped the agent. "Do you mean you want me to cash that fifty-dollar draft?"

"It would be a great accommodation," said Mr. Brown, who was becoming nervous.

"But I can't," replied the agent. "There hasn't been that much money at this station for a year."

"Well, well!" The professor was fast losing his calm attitude.

"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that a great railroad corporation can't cash a fifty-dollar draft?"

"The company," explained the agent, "does not need any money

here, because I never take in very much and only sell a ticket about once a month. Nobody ever comes here, therefore nobody can leave here."

"But what shall I do?" said the professor. "There is no place to stop here and I can't get away because I haven't enough currency to buy a ticket."

"Just a minute," said the agent, "my instrument is calling me."

The professor waited. Presently the agent rose from his table and walked over to the window. A piece of yellow paper was in his hand.

"It's a telegram for you," he said. "There's twenty-five cents charges on it."

Brown handed over his quarter and took the message, which was from his wife. "You made a mistake," it ran. "you should have gone to Eldora."

The message did not call for an answer; but Brown knew his wife well enough to realize that if he did not answer she would keep on sending telegrams until he did. So he wrote an answer telling her that he was already aware of his mistake. It cost him another quarter.

Professor Brown did not wait for the agent to send his message, but strolled out and sought a shady spot where he could be alone and think. He sat there for fully half an hour. Then he rose and wearily made his way back into the shanty.

"How far is it to the nearest bank?" he asked meekly.

"Eight miles."

"And the fare?" asked Brown, anxiously.

"Sixteen cents," said the agent.

The professor drew a deep breath as he pulled forth his last quarter.

"Then," he said, "you may give me a ticket——." But the agent was already moving toward his telegraph table. After the sounder had ceased he rose and approached the professor.

"Here is another telegram for you," he said, "and it came C. O. D. twenty-five cents."

The professor sighed as he dropped his last quarter on the shelf, reached out a feeble hand and took the message. It was from his wife. "I didn't know you knew you had made a mistake," it read.

Professor Brown folded the paper mechanically and put it in his

pocket. Then he took his umbrella and his little grip and walked out of the shanty.

Ten minutes later the agent found him sitting in the shade of the trees. His eyes were downcast, his chin was resting in his hand, and his thin features were overspread by a settled melancholy.

"Well," said the agent cheerfully, "what's the matter?"

Mr. Brown raised his eyes very slowly and looked hopefully at the agent.

"Sir," he said, "there isn't any use to deny the truth. I'm blue—a regular Indigo blue!"

"Oh, cheer up!" laughed the agent. "It's very seldom brown ever turns blue, but I reckon I'll have to admit it in this instance."

James Carlton Brown only remained silent.

"You're a man of ability," continued the agent, "and it don't pay for you to be loafin' around here. I don't blame you for feeling blue, Mr. Brown—why, I'll trust you for a ticket to the junction. I guess I can do that much for the cause of zoology."

Professor Brown made no reply, but he clasped the agent's hand and coughed nervously.



Do You Know?



O YOU know, Lady bird, why each evening at six
I come home from my work by a round about way,
With the last hour that's chimed by the factory clock,
This old heart within me at tag 'gins to play,
Do you know?

I don't know why the cottage I see thro' the elms
With its little green shutters, the whole year throw wide
And that vine-covered window where you always sit
Should set this old heart o' mine dancing inside.
Do you know?

And what means the pink flush, faint as new born day
When amidst tangled ivy our smiling eyes meet
While a tremulous voice answers to my greeting?
Then 'tis my old heart that just ceases to beat.
Do you know, Ladybird, you are heavenly sweet.
Do you know?

—Helen Mason.



THE cherry has for ages been the favorite of the Japanese people. It is the emblem of the Yamato-damashi, which, translated, literally means "the soul of Japan," and which is a term so peculiar to the nation, that even the best translator can do it but scanty justice, were he ever to try to render it into another language. It is a term the exact definition of which cannot be obtained, but it consciously appeals to our aesthetic sense as meaning spiritual Japan. It is customary with us to consider this Yamato-damashi as a twain subject of poetry, the cherry being the counterpart. The cherry now represents the soul of Japan, but it was originally the symbolic flower of chivalry. In the course of time, however, the institution of chivalry was destroyed, and its moral principles were established as an ethical system. So the cavalier standard of morality turned into the national code of ethics, and the soul of dead chivalry grew gradually into the spirit of living Japan; and the cherry, which was once the emblem of chivalry, finally came to represent the national character. A poet of the seventeenth century put forth the nation's mute utterance, when he sang:

"Isle of blest Japan!
 Should your Yamato spirit
 Strangers seek to scan,
 Tell them 'tis undefinable,
 But something like cherry blossoms fair
 That scent the morn's sun-lit air."

Sakura, or the Japanese cherry, like the Yamato spirit for which it stands as an emblem, is native to the soil; its accessory qualities it may share with the flowers of other lands, but in essence it stands alone. A Japanese observes: "We cannot share the admiration of the Europeans for their roses, which lack the simplicity of our flower. Then, too, the thorns that are hidden beneath the sweetness of the rose, the tenacity with which she clings to life, as though loth or afraid to die; rather than drop untimely, preferring to rot on her stem; her showy color and heavy odors,—all these are traits so unlike our flower, which carries no dagger or poison under its beauty, which is ever ready to depart life at the call of Nature, whose colors are never gorgeous, and whose light fragrance never palls." There is nothing more inspiring to see and smell than the cherry blossom, illumined by the rising sun, shedding a puff of blessed perfume at every gust of the morning breeze, in picturesque spring landscape.

Spring-time in Japan is spent in much joy and gaiety; it is the merriest season of the year. Nature suddenly becomes animated by the appearance of the so-called "queen of flowers." The delicious perfume of the cherry floats for miles and blesses every man. The people become intoxicated by the ample feasts set forth by Nature and shout their wild joy. We need no Shakespeare or Wordsworth to feel Nature's charm, though, perhaps like the rest of the world, we need them to express it. The laborer abandons his daily drudgery; the sick man forgets his pains and tortures; and even the incurable pessimist smiles once for all at the irresistible charm of Nature. The farmer leaves his spade in the field, the merchant lays his commodities aside, the priest no longer stands at the pulpit, and the lawyer shuts his office for a few days and goes outdoors with his family and all his friends, in the merriest manner, making a grand, cheerful train of all sorts of humanity, to share "irresistible joy" with each other.

Mr. Nitobe, a Japanese ethical writer, remarks in his "Bushido": "When the Creator himself is pictured as making new resolutions in his heart upon smelling a sweet savor, is it any wonder that this sweet season of the cherry blossom should call forth the whole nation from their little habitations? Blame them not if for a time their limbs forget their toil and moil, and their hearts their pangs and sorrows. Their brief pleasure ended, they return to their daily tasks with new strength and new resolutions."

MOKI NAKAYAMA

Nothing



HERE was a question asked of you
When knights were bold and ladies fair,
In a distant country—now no where—
“Why was it conquered in the war?”

And since the cause, I greatly fear,
Has ne’er in proper light been shown,
I’ll try to make it justly known,
If you will patiently give ear.

A kiss is nothing, so they say,
I’m sure I do not rightly know;
But if I may assume it so,
Why, ’tis with naught I’ll start my lay.

One summer’s night in woodland glade
Where foolish lovers loved to stray,
Hard by His Majesty’s Highway,
A youth full boldly kissed a maid.

The frightened maiden screamed (of course)
And, as she screamed with all her might,
The accents reached a passing knight
Riding the highway on his horse.

He held a torch high o’er his head,
Gazing right haughtily around,
When startled by the screeching sound,
The charger up the roadway sped.

He ran at last into a shack
And there, of course, his run was stopped,
And there, of course, his master dropped,
And lay quite stunned upon his back.

And when he woke from out the daze,
He saw that 'twas as light as day,
For he had thrown the torch away
And now the shack was all ablaze.

To little things we scarcely note
Oft lead to others far more great,
And never happens deed that Fate
Does not record in larger rote.

That night the King with lordly frown,
At being roused when sound asleep,
Stole to the window for a peep
And gazed upon a burning town.

For safety he had little reck,
And, when he'd raised the window bar,
He leaned a little bit too far
And fell and broke his royal neck.

They sang in grief "The King is dead!"
And then, "Long Live the King!" in joy;
They brought His Majesty's small boy
And set the crown upon his head.

A wicked uncle had this king,
And infant heirs were wont to cower,
Ere Richard's nephews in the tower,
When kinsmen felt the jealous sting.

Some loved the royal infant more,
And some preferred a manly hand.

So soon each had his loyal band
And all the state was plunged in war.

A northern people, it is writ,
Had coveted this country's life;
And while 'twas weak with civil strife
They very quickly conquered it.

"The reason why 'twas conquered so,"
You'll say, "you need not further seek;
'Twas civil war that made her weak
And gave advantage to her foe."

But those two factions had not vied
Had not an infant heir been found,
And that small boy had ne'er been crowned
Had not his royal father died.

All necks conform to natural laws,
And this dead monarch's did to boot;
Yet ne'er, since Adam touched the fruit,
Has human fallen without a cause.

His Majesty's misfortune dire
He'd had because he was annoyed
At seeing all a town destroyed
Because a little shack caught fire.

All fires that burn are made, I wis
(My meaning here yon'll surely catch)
Sometimes with kindlings and a match,
But 'twas a torch that started this.

Yet that poor knight we cannot shame,
For he was senseless from a fall:
And that of course cannot be all
Since clearly 'twas the horse to blame.

But such a trial would not be right.

And when you think that he did fly

Pursued by maiden's frightened cry,

I'm sure that you'll acquit him quite.

And so that country conquered was

(And more than that, a monarch killed

A town burned and much good blood spilled)

Simply and verily because

One summer's night in woodland glade,

Where foolish lovers loved to stray,

Hard by His Majesty's Highway,

A youth gave nothing to a maid.

—Aimee Votaw.





The One Thousand and Second Tale



The Caliph's Turban and the Head Therein.



OW it happened that after the decease of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid (blessed be his whiskers!) Mug-mug-ichy-baryam came to the cushion. Never had a more generous prince rule over Bagdad. Never had a less superstitious potentate commanded the Faithful. Never was a fatter, balder monarch known.

Now it so came about that on the day that this good-natured ruler entered a shop of Bagdad for the purpose of securing a new turban, there sat in the doorway a Hag. She was shriveled and old. She continually munched at her toothless gums, or chewed at her thin whisp of hair. So withered she was, so hidden in the shadow of the doorway that Mug-mug-ichy-baryam saw her not, and as he made his way in he overturned the ancient dame. All unconscious of the baleful gaze of her single eye, he selected the gaudiest turban the merchant showed him. Of bright orange and red it was, and he proudly wound it around his shining pate.

As the obsequious merchant bowed him out the Hag sprang to her feet and hissed, "Beware, Oh Caliph, the day of the thirteenth anniversary of the Hegira. On the ninth hour of that day shall another head occupy the turban which you now so proudly wear."

"Humph," said the Caliph.

* * * * *

After the object of her hatred had disappeared, the Hag sprang into the air, and alighting, raced madly to the den of a dervish. From him she procured certain magic objects, and gave him in exchange three of her thirteen hairs. At dusk she returned to Bagdad and made her difficult way into the garden of the palace. In the center of the

Caliph's favorite path she began her foul work. By the help of her magic tool she had by midnight dug a pit seventy-three sandals deep. In spite of magic aid the Hag was nearly exhausted. Nevertheless, she caught up the magic object given her by the dervish, which was a horn, and blew a mighty blast. At this the mass of earth dug from the pit arose, and in a great cloud was whirled away. The Hag sank to the ground exhausted.

The first rays of dawn awoke her from her lethargy. Realizing the need of haste she struggled to her feet. Grasping the magic veil in her hand she drew it over the mouth of the pit, which then appeared as firm and natural as before. The Hag then withdrew behind a mango tree to await the Caliph.

Presently Mng-mng-ichy-baryam appeared, attended by two slaves.

"Nice day," he said, as he plucked a luscious banana from a near-by tree. Then peeling it he slowly walked toward the hidden pit. From behind her tree the Hag watched him approach it. Finally he came within a few sandals of it. The Hag breathed exultantly. Just then the Caliph stepped on one of his banana peels and fell to one side upon the firm ground.

Thus endeth the first endeavor.

* * * * *

Learning that the Caliph was confined to his bed with a sprained ankle, the Hag recognized another opportunity to carry out her threat.

Recalling a secret told her by an ancient Chinese wizard, she determined to grind a deadly powder. She therefore set out to collect the ingredients. Without much difficulty she procured the necessary spider's heart and scale of a lizard, but she could not so easily obtain the fatal flower whose death-dealing pollen was needed to complete the potion. Far away from the city, in the sulphurous pit of a volcano, it nurtured. Thither she hastened, and by grasping the brambles with her bony fingers she laboriously forced her way up the lava-streaming sides of the volcano. A thin smoke arose from the crater, and far below she heard low rumblings. Thrice she attempted to descend, and thrice was she repelled by outbursts of ashes and glowing lava. Finally, almost overcome with heart and suffocating gases, the Hag stumbled into the den of fire. From one grotesque cavern of sulphur to another she searched, but nowhere could she find the Flower of the

Volcano. The rumblings which forewarned another eruption became louder, and just as the fire again poured forth, the Hag spied the flower, and grasping it, struggled from the pit. She paused for a moment to regain her strength, and then slowly descended the mountain. In a dark den in the lava field below she ground together the ingredients of her poisonous powder. Three more of her precious hairs were sacrificed, and at length the powder was prepared.

In the twelfth hour of the following night the Hag crept into the palace of the Caliph. She stealthily substituted her poison for the powder of the physician, and then crept away, satisfied that the Caliph was soon to meet his end.

The next morning, at the usual hour, Mug-mug-ichy-baryam awoke and the physician placed the powder on a small dish and held it to the patient's mouth. Just then the Caliph sneezed!

Thus endeth the second endeavor.

* * * * *

Exasperated at the failure of her two former efforts, the Hag quickly resolved to bring about Mug-mug-ichy baryam's destruction while he was still confined to his apartments. She delayed her preparations only until the darkest hour of the night. Then she swiftly glided through the sleeping streets of Bagdad. When at last she neared the outskirts of the city, she paused for a moment under a large palm, then disappeared.

She had entered the hollow trunk of the tree and was making her way to a tiny room beneath its roots. A heap of glowing coals in the center of this den revealed row upon row of small sealed flasks about the walls. Opposite the entrance the Hag saw another old woman, much like herself, and possessed of two eyes which glinted maliciously. The Hag approached the Saga of Shiraz, Ruler of the Genii, for such she was, and after a few muttered words the latter surveyed the walls, and at length selecting a tiny green flask, she gave it to the other, with these words:

"O Hag, beware! In this is my most powerful servant. Take him, and tomorrow at the seventh hour release him before the door of the room where the Caliph will be. If there is an opening at least the size of a keyhole by which to enter the room the genius will accom-

plish his destruction and return to me. Remember that if he does not enter the room at exactly the seventh hour he cannot enter at all and will become powerless."

The Hag sped back to her abode and waited impatiently for the time to arrive when she might release the spirit. At last, clutching the flask, she made her way to the palace and, watching her opportunity, crept in.

The Caliph was now able to walk about and had just entered his treasure room, a large vault having no opening, save that closed by a heavy door, and outside of it the Hag, guided by the Saga's magic power, took her stand.

From within came a howl of anguish. Mug-mug-ichy-baryam had stepped on the key of the room. As the seventh hour was then being called the Hag hastily broke the seal of the flask and the mighty spirit issued forth. Just then the Caliph pushed the key into the hole, thus closing the room entirely.

Thus endeth the third endeavor.

* * * * *

When the Hag found that her last attempt had failed, she flew into a violent rage. For three days she neither ate nor slept, but cowered in a dim corner of her hut. Now it happened that a clever magician, Haroeh Alackman by name, dwelt in the mountains of Persia and at certain intervals he visited the merchants of Bagdad to procure materials necessary to his art. Remembering that he must at that time be within the city, the Hag decided to wait upon him. She told him of her hatred and desire for revenge. He replied by showing her a jeweled dagger.

"I am in need of slaves," said he, "and this knife plunged into a body makes it my servant after death. This mayest thou have, if thou wilt pledge thine own soul that thou wilt bring a slave to me."

"So be it," replied the Hag. "Nothing would better please me than that he should serve as thy menial."

Taking the knife she departed. Early the next morning she went to the Caliph's palace. The place was too well guarded to permit ordinary approach, and she decided that the quickest method of entrance would be by means of the roof gardens. To reach them meant

that she would have to scale the walls of the palace. Choosing the side of the house in which the Caliph's sleeping apartments were, she proceeded to climb. Some of the rocks were sharp and others smooth, so that ascent was difficult. More than once the Hag nearly fell. Slowly and painfully she progressed. At last she reached the ledge of the Caliph's window and had but a few sandals between her and her goal. For a moment she glared down at the dangerous distance she had traversed. A breath, an uncertain movement might mean her death. With a gleam of triumph in her eye the Hag prepared to make the final distance. Just then the Caliph threw open the shutters.

Thus endeth the fourth endeavor.

* * * * *

At length Mug-mug-ichy-baryam was able to leave the palace. Toward the tenth hour he prepared to go out. As his slaves were winding his gaudy orange and red turban about his head, the Caliph started, as if suddenly recalling something. Turning to his grand vizier he demanded, "What day is this?"

"Most adored and adorable son of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid," replied the vizier, smelling the carpet, "this is the day of the thirteenth anniversary of the Hegira."

"Humph," said the Caliph.

R.B.—E.L.—E.E.—A.V.



Life and Death



LOSE the book! The tale is done;
 Ended, every bitter jest:
 Leaves turned over, one by one—
 Close the book, and let us rest.

Plots and subplots, closely blending,
 Characters that come and go—
 With each chapter's pages ending,
 Make this mingled joy and woe.

What's that? No, there is no more.
 Things mending soon would pale.
 Sequels?—Only fairy lore!
 Sequels, love, are failures—all.

Blank fly leaves? Ah, yes—but stay!
 Write no pleasant myth for me.
 Would you mar this white page?—nay.
 Do not spoil our tragedy.

You KNOW nothing—do not GUESS!
 What's set down here, tho' you pray,
 Heaven and Hell are powerless—
 Ever, ever to wipe away.

Let twilights, regretless, pale;
 Bless this last blank, vacant page.
 Let this leaf so close the tale,
 Bringing peace to tired age.

Seek no morrow's dawning light,
 Open up no further quest:
 Leave to weary hearts the night—
 Close the book and let us rest.

—M. H. M.

El Caney

(A True Incident of the Spanish War)



FTER El Caney's bloody fight,
As Lawton sat by the way,
A regiment marched in the hot dark night,
With songs and laughter gay.

"What troops the those," he asked his aide,
"That can laugh after El Caney?"
"The Twenty-fifth, colored troops,"
He said, "that bore the brunt of the fray."

Carrying in his arms a dog,
A corporal led the van.
Astonished Lawton blocked their way,
And halted the plodding man.

"Didn't you fight all day, my man.
And starve and march all night,
With many miles to go, perhaps,
And tomorrow another fight?"

"Why, yes, sir, I spees dere's plenty to do,
Till we get dem Spaniards fired."
"Then why on earth do you carry that dog?"
"Why Boss, de dawg am tired!"

—A. B. Shattuck.

The Decision of the Pansies



By Aimee Votaw



I SHUT my eyes and imagine it all: the great buildings teeming with humanity, the heavy cars swinging on their rails with admirable certainty, rattling wagons, clanging bells, shrill whistles, a medley of voices, everywhere the grind of busy life, and men—wide-awake men—of all sizes, of all ages, of all occupations, hastening along as if their very life depended on it. That sort of thing appeals to me, now and then. I open my eyes and everything is calm. The room is neat and the clock on the wall is ticking away with busy sedateness. Out of the window the sun is pouring down its usual golden splendor upon the green beauty of the slope, and a cloud of intense whiteness is drifting sleepily across a background of vivid blue.

Across that slope there is a road—very dusty and hot now that summer's here. Just before it turns off towards the hills, it drops a fragrant little path that meanders off to the woods on the right. At the entrance there is a sudden change. The ground is no longer crusted over, but soft and yielding underfoot. A step, and one severs connection with the world of heart-ache and discontent and enters a sacred temple, where the trees breathe down a never-ending benediction. It is a temple of natural delight, of tufted grasses, wild ferns that grow in cheerful profusion, and tender violets that droop all day with the dew of the morning hoarded in their dim blue cups. A pretty enough temple for those that care to worship there.

I used often to wander along that little path. Long before the spirit of worldly unrest touched my heart, I took my boyish troubles and misunderstandings there and never failed to find consolation. That spirit of unrest was troubling me very much one day as I stumbled

along, dissatisfied with myself and with all my life. I was beginning to long to pierce beyond the quiet boundaries of home and mingle with my brothers in the great world of work outside. Too occupied with my own thoughts to care where I was going, I came, quite unexpectedly, upon a slim girl in white who was gathering flowers. She started to her feet upon hearing my approach and gazed at me for a moment out of a pair of startled blue eyes. Then, before I had quite recovered myself, she mumbled a few words—of apology perhaps—and stepped off lightly into the woods—as if the wind had gently stirred the leaves and obliterated a patch of sunlight.

I met her formally afterwards, at a dance given by one of my friends. Her name was Lucy Brooke. She and her father had come to live in an old house on the other side of the wood. She danced well, but did not care much for that kind of recreation. She liked books and the woods and her home—everything, in fact, that was quiet and moderate and sweet. I began to take new interest in the quietness of home. I saw her very often, sometimes at country gatherings, sometimes in the woods, frequently in the old garden at her home. Casual interest deepened quite naturally into friendship, and friendship blossomed into love.

It was a happy, happy romance. The long days glided by with ideal harmony and we wandered about like a pair of children, seeking out the secrets of Nature, climbing the hills and scouring the valleys, drinking in the beauties of sunset and sunrise, reading under the orchard trees, speculating on the missions of the stars, and following a thousand and one other congenial occupations. And every day love pointed out some new thought or tone or expression about my sweetheart. It was not hard to woo with all Nature for an ally, with the glorious promise of the sunset to couple with my own and with cooing birds or gentle winds to whisper all I could not. And so I won my sweet Lucy, and the days drifted on in the same carefree fashion, leaving with us only the regret that the stay of each was too short.

There came a break at last and I woke out of my lethargy of peace. My uncle visited us for a few days, and he offered to take me back to the city with him.

"I can give you a position," he told me on the afternoon that he

was leaving: "it will not be much, but you can work your way up. Surely you don't expect to spend all your days in this little hole. Why, boy, have you no ambition at all?"

For a long time after he left me I stood gazing off into the rosy haze of the sunset, peopling it with the kind of beings I had cared for before I met Lucy. My uncle's last words kept ringing in my ears and every repetition sent the old longing singing through my veins. After all, was it life, this colorless existence? No, I decided, not even love could make it life. Beyond those quiet hills were cities, great, populous cities, filled with grinding machines and busy men, and the fascination of it all was calling me with irresistible force.

I decided within a few days that I would accept my kinsman's offer, and one evening I followed the little path through the woods to find Lucy and tell her of my plans. Out under our favorite trees I told her for the first time all that I had hoped and dreamed, of the future that might be ours, and the kindness that my uncle had shown.

"And you told him," she said quietly, when I had finished, "that you would not go?"

"Why, no, dear, I have written that I am willing."

She raised her eyes in surprise.

"And I?"

"You will wait for a little while—just a very little while—until I can send for you. And in the meantime you can write me nice long letters to keep my courage up."

"But, Alfred, it is such a horrid life, all smoke and dust and noise. I could never, never bear it!"

"Oh, it is not nearly so bad as you think, Lucy. You are prejudiced. Surely you want me to have some aim in life. Why, darling, there is nothing nobler than ambition!"

"It is better even than—love?"

"Oh, no, of course not," I hastened to assure her, "but love is lots sweeter when it comes as a crown to ambition. Think, dear heart, I would work all my life to give you what you wanted. You could have a lovely home and books and flowers and servants, if you wished."

She shook her head impatiently.

"But I don't care for all that. It is so different from what we

had planned! Our own little home where I could do all of the house-work. Maybe I wouldn't do so very well at first—I am only a girl, you know—but I would try so hard! Please, Alfred for my sake!”

But I was firm and we argued until long after the moon had come up, she fighting for the life she loved, I for the force that was calling me away. At last she rose and started slowly away.

“I suppose,” she said, rather coldly, “that you mean to tell me that you are tired of me, and need new amusement.”

“No, no! Luey,” I called after her, “Come back, dear, and you yourself shall choose!”

I had thought of a wicked little plan, and when she turned about eagerly I continued:

“It is only fair to leave the matter to chance. I will hold a black pansy in one hand and a yellow one in the other. You will choose. If it is the black flower I will go, if the other I will stay.”

When she had reluctantly nodded assent to my plan, I went a little to one side and deliberately plucked two black pansies. It was a cruel thing to do, but I felt that it was best for both of us. I almost relented when she stood turning her pretty head from side to side to aid in speculation and with a kind of eager expectancy about her, with a girlish certainty, I suppose, that Fate must decide in her favor. When at last she had timidly chosen and I had brought my hand around, she stood for a moment gazing silently at the flower. Then all her womanliness came to her rescue and she smiled up into my face.

“All right, dear,” she said, “I suppose it will be best.”

We talked of—well, other things—then, and presently I left her. It was a lovely night. The stars were nodding wisely—as Luey and I loved to think—over the secrets of the ages, and the great moon was floating grandly in a sea of heavy blue. I walked very slowly. Somehow the world of noise and tumult seemed very far off just then. Half way home I turned and retraced my steps. A sudden desire came over me—a desire to see the old garden once more in that witching light. Perhaps I would never see it so again.

A breath of fragrance greeted me as I neared the place and the old gate swung noiselessly open at my touch. To me all the beauty of the night was concentrated in that spot. The moon was pouring

down a flood of gentle radiance upon the trees and bushes and flowers, and was touching with infinite tenderness a little white figure crumpled up on the grass. And I—oh well, hang it!

* * * * *

It is a pretty place, is it not? The sun is sinking now. Look what a splendid train he has! Somewhere that orange light is being reflected from thousands of panes of glass. I am happy—of course—what reason have I not to be? That is Lucy singing. She has a sweet voice, like a bird. Like a bird she is in all things—gentle, neat, and always busy. Long days of light labor, with no hurry and bustle, no care and anxiety. Ever the same peaceful quiet. Yes, I am content.

A Little Boy's Lament

Mother plays bridge,
 Father plays poker,
 Sister five hundred,
 And giggles for the joker.

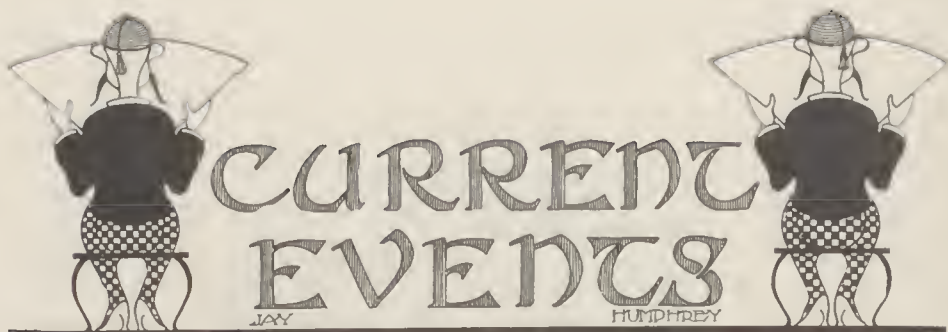
Breakfast is dismal,
 Dinner is fierce;
 Mother and dad scrap,
 Sister's in tears.

Father goes out at night,
 Mother does, too;
 Mother brings home a gronch,
 Father a stew.

Not much for me to do—
 Unless I play pool.
 Learn to smoke cigarettes,
 Play hookey from school.

L. M.





THE LAYING OF THE L. C. H. S. CORNERSTONE.

Simple and brief, yet marked by that same impressiveness characteristic of such occasions, were the ceremonies that attended the laying of the cornerstone of our new Lewis and Clark High school by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on April 8, 1911. The High school grounds at Fourth avenue and Howard street were packed with a throng of representative High school students and citizens that overflowed into the street and struggled for positions close to the temporary platform.

After placing in the pocket of the lower stone the corner box, containing a copy of "The Quill Book," reports of the school board, copies of Spokane newspapers, the program of ceremonies and other records, Mr. Roosevelt spread the mortar and in an address marked by frequent interruption of applause held the undivided attention of the assemblage. He confined his remarks to the best ways of building up the state, laying especial emphasis on the fact that "there is no use whatever in having the best type of school in which to teach children unless there are children to teach."

Arthur W. Davis, president of the school board, presided over the ceremonies. Among those privileged with positions on the platform were: Senator Miles Poindexter, Governor M. E. Hay, Mayor W. J. Hindley, Principal H. M. Hart, and members of the school board.

The Speakers.

February 9, 1911.

President A. W. Harris of Northwestern University spoke before



the morning session of the Spokane High school on Thursday, February 9.

March 9, 1911.

On Thursday, March 9, Henry George, Jr., an ardent exponent of the single tax theory, spoke before the student body of the school. One of Mr. George's opening remarks was: "Abolish our navy, save this unnecessary expense and send our boys and girls around the world to learn what the other countries, Japan for instance, are doing." His address dwelt almost entirely on the single tax theory.

Mr. Frederic S. Hughes of the American Safety League, in a brief, pointed address before the students of the Spokane High school set forth the most common classes of accidents due to carelessness and what steps must be taken to prevent needless loss of life. He made many practical suggestions, among other things, urging that our fair co-eds desist from their habit of "getting off" street cars backwards like Chinamen" and learn to use their hands.

The Annapolis Appointment.

Again unusual honors have been won by the Spokane High school. Forrest K. Libenow of the class of June, 11, has passed the entrance examinations of the United States Military Academy at Annapolis and has been notified of his appointment from this congressional district by Senator Miles Poindexter.

Forrest took an active part in the school affairs and was a prominent member of his class. We are glad to have a boy of such character and ability represent the Spokane High School at the Naval Academy, and we extend our heartiest wishes of his future success.





THE SENIOR RECEPTION.

January 12, 1911.—And you know the rest. There are dates that your teachers say are memorable, there are dates you may believe are memorable, and there are dates you know are memorable. In spite of the difficulties of establishing old traditions in new surroundings the reception given by the class of June, '11, to January, '11, materialized from intense desire and half doubtful project into a splendid reality. We had looked forward to it too long and planned for it too carefully to admit of a failure in the eleventh hour.

On that eventful Thursday evening, at the Masonic Temple, when all the uncertainty, the doubt and the work had sunk into oblivion and were forgotten—when those painfully essential elements of the Time, the Place and the Girl, had at last been settled—and indeed when fast becoming history, we then realized “Our Dreams Come True.” It ended only too soon, but we enjoyed every minute of it with a fine disregard for the fact that the next day was a regular school session—and Friday the thirteenth.

BILLIKENS AND CHANTICLEERS.

As an expression of the regard of the student body, we offer our sincere appreciation and congratulations to the Chanticleers and

Billikens for the success of their dances and the pleasure they have afforded the members of the High school during the past school year. Although the two clubs are not school organizations, their members are from our ranks and their social functions have been largely attended by High school students.

Chanticleers.

Roger Jamieson.
Barry Hillard.
Royal Peterson.
Victor Jaeger.

Clyde Johnson.
George Kronenberg.
Ray Morgan.
Marion Hayden.

The Dances:—

November 12—To the W. S. C. Football team, Masonic Temple.
December 26—Christmas, Masonic Temple.
February 14—Pre-Lenten, Temple Terpsichore.
April 22—Easter, Masonic Temple.

Billikens.

Carleton Greider.
Ralph Beckett.
The Dances:—

John Fancher.
Arnold Gleason.

April 9—Masonic Temple.
May 6—Masonic Temple.
May 19—Masonic Temple.

JANUARY, '12, TO JUNE, '11.

May 26—The most brilliant social function of the year will be held at Liberty Lake, where on Friday, May the 26th, Jan. '12, will be at home to June, '11. Many parties will go out early in the afternoon for picnicking and boating, and special trains will leave the Electric Terminal at 6:45 o'clock.

This year the Senior B's are overturning all precedents in letting down the bars to the season's one exclusive event to the lower classmen, members of the Sophomore and Freshmen classes being bidden by the Senior committee.



•HOWARD • C • IMHOFF •

The presentation of "The Substitute" on Friday, April 21, set a new standard of literary as well as dramatic excellence in secondary schools. It is truly an admirable thing when the various activities of a school work together and support each other as the students of the Spokane High school have done in connection with the athletic play. The play itself, written by Helen Mason, a member of the Quills and of the Sophomore A class, is remarkable from a literary standpoint, and the fact that it was staged for the benefit of the Athletic Association made it doubly deserving of the support given by the student body.

From the time that the "Uncle," Sheldon, falls into a panic at the thought of entertaining two women by his lone self and takes to his heels, and Tom Parkman happens along to the deserted house of his friend and decides to play the part of a substitute "Uncle," and on through that gentleman's increasing difficulties with a very beautiful young lady whom he must unwillingly treat as a niece, down to the final culmination of events when the young scape-grace "fesses up," the interest never slackens.

The sketch is clever, the action good, and the plot is worked out in a quaint and entirely pleasing manner.

Especial credit is due the members of the cast and Miss Dillon who gave so much of their time that the play might be a success.

The management was in the hands of William Edris, Irving Atwater and Earl McCarthy.



ROGER
JAMIESON



MISS FLOSSIE G. DILLON



RALPH
SNYDER



WALDEN MILLER



HELEN
MASON



MARGUERITE
MOTIE



WILBUR ROBINSON

Jack Ford.	Marion Bowers.	Annabelle Moore.
Arnold Gleason.	Etta Davenport.	Lorna Brown.
Roger Jamieson.	Gussie Gilliland.	Lucy Sherwood.
Edgar Johnson.	Grace Grosscup.	Lenore Sweeny.
Berteh Moye.	Margaret Hindle.	Lucile Slater.
Donald Salter.	Alice Jenkins.	Maud Covington.
Albert Schrimpf.	Ethel Potter.	

The cast of the Playlet:—

Ralph Snyder	George Fournel
Roger Jamieson	Tardiff
Marguerite Motie	Madelinette
Martin Allen	Louis Racine

Rueben Wood is managing the entertainment.



The Orchestra



THE orators, the debaters and the athletes of a school win their honors and receive due credit, but too often the musical department works just as hard and accomplishes just as much without recognition and without support.

There have been no medals won and no records broken, but our orchestra today, through the tireless energy of Mr. Rice and the hard work of the members themselves is typical of that excellence for which the Spokane High school stands, and it is with pleasure that we express our appreciation to the director and the members for the assistance, the pleasure and the credit the orchestra has given the school. The members:

Violin:—

Marion Bowers.	Roberta Kennedy.	Robert Walker.
Lester Ellis.	Mabel Mitter.	Lillian Vinther.
Willetta Gormley.	Royle Snow.	Bruce Heely.
Carl Johns.	Mannel Segel.	Emily Miloradovich.
Elmer Johnson.	John Van Dissel.	Ludwig Ruehl.
Milton Johnson.	Reine Grieresfelder.	Bryant Bishop.

'Cello:—

Waldo Mather.

Cornets:—

Oren Dixon.	Riley Davenny.	Briggs Simpich.
Clifton Hinnian.	Harold Orion.	

Trombones:—

George Bloomquist.
Kemp Holt.

French Horn:—

Leon Wiese.

Clarinet:—

Earl Davis.

Drums:—

Harold Gieger.
Harry Holt.

Olin C. Rice, Director.
Alice Lindsay, Piano.

Heaven



ING of a rich man's heaven, Muse
 Sing of the Zion poor men lose;
 He gains the gates that lead to grace
 Who to the church much silver pays,
 The CHRIST that praised the widow's mite
 Is not in style these days.

Sing of a rich man's throne on high,
 Built of the gold for which men sigh
 The heavenly harp he twangs is gold
 And he who plays it surely pays.
 The CHRIST that praised the widow's mite
 Is not in style these days.

ENVOI.

Muse, all the good must be the rich—
 He who on alters offering lays.
 The CHRIST who praised the widow's mite
 Is not in style these days.

—Robert Doble.



PUBLIC SPEAKING; ITS NEGLECT AND ITS POSSIBILITIES



THE debating and oratorical work of the past year presents a twofold aspect; on the one hand highly gratifying, on the other somewhat deplorable. We have just cause for pride in the splendid ability displayed and the excellent showing made by those students who have taken part in the different contests; the standard of the debating work done in the Spokane High school is on a plane equal to that of many of the best colleges of the country. But the indifference and lack of interest on the part of the student body as a whole is most unsatisfactory.

This condition is not peculiar to Spokane. The same indifference may be found in the great majority of the schools of the United States. Only where there is strong school or class rivalry to stimulate interest, does there seem to be any genuine enthusiasm over debating contests.

Is it possible to stimulate a widespread interest in such contests? Perhaps not. It is possible, however, to arouse an interest which will lead to a more general participation in such events. Where ten have taken part heretofore, there should have been one hundred. In a school of this size there ought to be several hundred anxious for the opportunity to represent their Alma Mater in every public speaking event held. There will be such an interest when students begin to realize the great importance of training in this line of work.

The man who is able to stand before the audience and express his thoughts clearly and persuasively has an immense advantage over one who cannot do so. In his influence over others, whether it be in business, politics, or any other social activity, the public speaker stands head and shoulders above his fellows.

It has been asserted that the newspaper has replaced the public speaker, and that oratory is a "lost art." This is certainly a superficial opinion. The sphere of the public speaker is broadening every day. Never before has it been possible for the orator to attain promi-

nence more easily. The newspaper has become a business proposition. It is dominated and controlled to a certain extent by its advertisers. It merely speaks for the interests that own it. It is no longer a free agent for the expression or for the moulding of public opinion. Therefore the spoken word is still, and will continue to be, a tremendously potent force in the shaping of public policy and the control of public affairs.

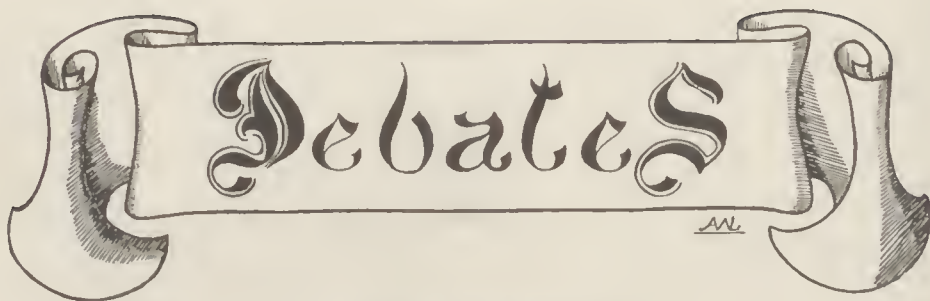
The history of the march of liberty and democracy can be found in the biographies of the world's great orators. Eloquence and freedom have always gone hand in hand. The age of oratory is not gone. As long as there are wrongs to be righted, as long as oppression and injustice live, as long as truth requires a defender, or virtue needs a champion, so long will the orator have a function and a place. Oratory will ever remain the "art of arts."

There is neither an easier nor a surer way to become a power in public life than through the medium of public speaking. To a certain extent oratory may be a gift; but within limitations it may be acquired. The example of Demosthenes has become a classic illustration of the truth. This man, who became the greatest of the world's orators, spoke with pebbles in his mouth within sound of the roaring sea to overcome defects in his speech. Whoever wishes can become a good speaker. Moreover, the great speakers of tomorrow are at present taking their first lessons and obtaining their most valuable experience in the High schools of today. William J. Bryan was noted for his speeches before he had finished school.

Those who are now debating public questions in High school debates will before long be debating the same questions in legislative halls. Some day it will be their lot "the applause of listening senates to command."

Public speaking, then, is an activity which should be fostered and encouraged in our schools. It should interest every boy whose ambition prompts him to be a leader, who wishes to stand in the front rank in the world-old fight for right and justice. He who would render his fame immortal must lay the foundation of his character in early life.

-Malcolm Douglas.



STATE DEBATES



THIS year, as for many years in the past, Spokane High school was victorious until the semi-finals of the inter-scholastic debates of the state series. The question debated by all the schools throughout the series was: "Resolved, That an income tax should be a part of our federal system of taxation; Provided, that the question of the constitutionality of such a tax shall not be raised." Spokane, in all of its debates, argued on the negative.

The first debate was held November 11, 1910, in Beare Hall, the North Central auditorium, the opposing team being that of the Latah High School. The Spokane team, Myron Moreland, Allan Caine, and Louis Schwellenbach, received the unanimous decision of the judges, Prof. Eldridge, U. of I.; Prof. Isaacs, W. S. C., and Principal Kingston, S. N. S. Cheney. Deputy Prosecuting Attorney C. C. Dill, formerly of the South Central faculty, presided.

In the second debate of the series Spokane was also victorious, the rival team being Rosalia. Moreland and Paine represented Spokane. The contest was held in Rosalia on December 16, 1910, Mr. F. J. Wilmer of Rosalia, presiding. The judges were the Rev. Schroeck, Deer Park; Prof. Wark of Cheney, and Prof. Hustin, W. S. C.

The debate with Waitsburg, held in Beare Hall on February 3, 1910, concluded Spokane's part in the series, our team being defeated in this semi-final debate. Moreland and Paine again represented Spo-



LOUIS
SCHELLEBACH



OWEN
KILGORE



LESLIE
HILL



MYRON
MORELAND



VINCENT
WHITE



MALCOLM
DOUGLAS

kane. The presiding officer was Attorney Heil of the school board, and the judges were Prof. Timblin, W. S. C.; Prof. Strong, Pullman, and Prof. Merriam, S. N. S.. Cheney.

INTER-CLASS DEBATES

This year one team represented both "A" and "B" teams of each class. The two preliminary debates were held in the chapel on April 5, 1911. In the morning the Junior class, represented by Vincent White, who gave the refutation, Floyd Ellis and Herman Howe, was victorious over the Seniors, who were represented by Miss Elsa Eggerth, Lonis Schwellenbach, who delivered the rebuttal, and Richard Munter. The contest was hard fought and much enthusiasm was displayed by the audience. The question was, "Resolved, That the United States should permanently retain possession of the Philippine Islands." The Juniors argued on the negative. The judges were the Rev. Fuller, Unitarian church, Mr. McMillan, former United States District Attorney, and Mr. Horton, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. Mr. Douglas, debate coach, presided.

In the afternoon of April 5th the Freshmen were defeated by the Sophomores. The latter may well be proud as the lower class gave fine arguments and their delivery was excellent. Representing the Sophomores, who upheld the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the United States should own and operate all inter-state railroads," were Edward Shears, who gave the refutation, Raymond Metz, and William Edris. On the Freshman team were Russel White, who handled the rebuttal, Robert O'Brien and Walter Seecord. The judges, all members of the faculty, were Dr. Benefiel, Mr. Chukey and Mr. Peterson. Mr. Douglas presided.

The final debate was held on the evening of May 18, 1911, between the Junior and Sophomore teams. The latter, who had the negative of the question, "Resolved, That the State of Washington should adopt the plan of initiative and referendum, modeled substantially after the Oregon plan," were victorious. As in the preliminaries the Junior team was composed of White, Ellis and Howe. The lower class team called upon its alternate, Miss Sadie Aaron to take the place of Ray-

mond Metz. The other members of the latter team were, as before, Edward Shears and William Edris. White and Shears gave the refutations for their respective teams. The hall was well filled and held an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Paul S. Filer acted as chairman, and the judges were the following local attorneys: Carl Ultes, Irving Davis, and W. R. Sampson.

Except for Miss Aaron, the alternates were not called upon by any of the teams. They were Chester Muller, Senior; Herbert Scheier, Junior; Sadie Aaron, Sophomore, and Aden Keelè, Freshman. It is a notable fact that there were but two girls on any of the teams or alternate teams, namely Miss Elsa Eggerth and Miss Sadie Aaron.

Not a little enthusiasm was displayed in a debate on the question of suffrage for illiterates held between two English classes last January. The members of the rival classes and their friends assembled in the auditorium. Representing the challenging class were Miss Ruth Myers, Richard Munter, and Wilbur Robinson. Their opponents were Miss Annabelle Moore, Miss Aimee Watters, and Roy Bower. The former team won. Judges were chosen from the faculty and Miss Marguerite Motie presided.

These same energetic and serious-minded classes held debates on "Resolved, That a donkey is more graceful than a cow." and on "Resolved, That moonlight is conducive to temporary insanity." It is to be regretted that more English classes do not show the same ambitious spirit.





THE S. A. R. CONTEST



THE S. A. R. contest was held for both schools this year. It took place in Beare Hall on the usual date, February 21st. The contestants and their subjects were Aimee Votaw, on "The Ancestry of the Revolution;" Lewis Schwellenbach, on "Edmund Burke, the Champion of Constitutional Liberty;" Owen Kilgore, on "Liberty Under Law, the American Idea;" Leslie Hill, on "The English Bible and the English Common Law, Twin Pillars of the Revolution;" Vincent White on "Oratory as a Revolutionary Force;" and Lois Brown, on "Oratory as a Revolutionary Force."

The Spokane Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution gave the first award of \$30 to Vincent White, the second of \$20 to Owen Kilgore, and the third of \$10 to Leslie Hill.

Special mention must be made of the excellent oration given by White. His delivery was splendid and he held his audience from beginning to end. Everyone interested in school debates and orators will, on looking up White's name and his achievements in the Roll of Honor which follows, feel proud of the school which produces such students.

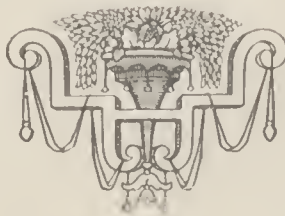
THE CONTEST AT SEATTLE

This year, as in previous years, the University of Washington invited Spokane High school to send one representative to the declamatory contest held in Seattle in connection with the University annual Declamatory and Field meet. On the evening of May 8, 1911, the

final contest was held in Beare Hall. Miss Anna Peterson, whose selection was entitled, "Sally Ann's Experience," was chosen to represent Spokane High school. Miss Peterson won third place in the Seattle contest. There were thirteen contestants, our speaker giving one of the few humorous selections. She received inspiration from a row of pink and white Freshmen who vociferously encouraged her.

THE PULLMAN CONTEST

What is no doubt the greatest honor to be obtained by a student of the High school in oratorical work was won by Owen Kilgore. Out of the ten or more orations submitted by students of this High school his was chosen to be sent to Pullman. There again it was chosen as one of the ten best out of about forty sent to that college from the different High schools of the state. Finally, Kilgore won first place at the final oratorical contest held in the College Auditorium, receiving a beautiful gold medal and, for the school, a handsome pennant. The contest was held in connection with the oratorical and athletic meet held annually at Pullman. Both on rostrum and in stadium the heroes of Spokane carried away the highest honors.



The Roll of Honor

Sadie Aarou—Vict. Soph. class team, '11.

Carol Byrd—S. A. R., '10.

Elizabeth Coreran—N. C. School team, '10.

Fae Dyke, '11—School team, '08; Soph. class team, '08; State team, '09; Hutton contest, '09.

William Edris—Vict. Soph. class team, '11.

Elsa Eggerth, '11—Junr. class team, '10; Sen. class team, '11.

Floyd Ellis—Fresh. class team, '09; Vict. Soph. team, '10; Junr. class team, '11.

Ben Favell—N. C. School team, '10; Junr. class team, '10.

Ruth Fiske—J. Herman Beare, '10.

Walter Goar—Soph. class team, '10.

Leslie Hill, '11—Class orator; third award S. A. R., '11.

Berta Hindley—Fresh. class team, '10.

Herman Howe—Vict. Soph. class team, '10; N. C. School team, '10; Junr. class team, '11.

Rector Kay—N. C. School team, '10.

Owen Kilgore—Vict. Fresh. class team, '10; Hutton contest, '10; second award S. A. R., '11; H. S. representative, Pullman, '11. first award.

Gayton Knight—Fresh. class team, '10.

Ora Landis, '11—Class orator.

Florence Lilliquist—Vict. Fresh. class team, '10.

Aubrey Martin—N. C. School team, '10.

Raymond Metz—Soph. class team, '11.

Annabelle Moore, '11—Class orator.

Myron Moreland—Vict. Fresh. class team, '08; State team, '09 and '10; school team, '10; State team, '11.

Chester Muller, '11—Class orator; Fresh. class team, '08; school team, '08; Junr. class team, '10.

- Richard Munter—Soph. class team, '09; school team, '10; State team, '10; Sen. class team, '11; Alt. State team, '11.
- Ruth Myers, '11—Class orator; Jeffersonian, '10.
- Gracia Nichols—J. Herman Beare, '09; J. H. B., '10.
- Robert O'Brien—Fresh. class team, '11.
- Harold Orian—Fresh. class team, '10.
- Allan Paine—N. C. School team, '09 and '10; State team, '10 and '11; third award, J. Herman Beare, '10.
- Anna Peterson—H. S. representative, U. of W., '11, third award.
- Wilbur Robinson, '11—Class orator; second award Hutton contest, '10.
- Albert Schrimpf, '11—Third award Hutton contest, '10.
- Louis Schwellenbach—State team, '10 and '11; school team, '10; Soph. class team, '10; S. A. R., '11; Sen. class team, '11.
- Marie Serogan—J. Herman Beare, '09.
- Walter Seecord—Fresh. class team, '11.
- Edward Shears—J. Herman Beare, '09; second award J. H. B., '10; Fresh. class team, '10; Viet. Soph. class team, '11; Alt. State team, '11.
- Marion Southwood—Fresh. class team, '09; second award J. Herman Beare, '09.
- Mabel Stewart—J. H. B., '09.
- Aimee Votaw—Juur. class team, '10; S. A. R., '11.
- May Wallace—N. C. School team, '10; second award J. Herman Beare, '09; J. H. B., '10.
- Russel White—Fresh. team, '11.
- Vincent White—Fresh., '09, and Juur., '11, class teams; first award J. Herman Beare, '09; first award J. H. B., '10; first award, S. A. R., '09; first award S. A. R., '10; first award S. A. R., '11; N. C. School team, '09 and '10; Alt. State team, '11.
- Inez Williams—N. C. School team, '10.
- Marion Wise—J. Herman Beare, '09 and '10; N. C. School team, '10.

Greed and Love

One man, with greed for gold, has friends enough,
 Yet sells them all to stuff his bulging purse ;
Another, with a greed for power, has love,
 Yet thrusts away the givers with a curse :
A third, a glutton, who has gold and friends,
 Cooks Love, and eats him with a draught of wine :
A fourth, who thirsts for Knowledge's ntmost ends,
 Through Cupid's name does harshly draw a line :
The fifth's a man who governs half the world,
 Who knows all Science's secrets deep :
His greed has brought him knowledge, power, gold,
 Yet friends and love in vain he seeks to keep.
All men who cherish Love and have no greed,
 Shall power keep, and wealth and friends indeed.

—Roy Bower.



•ORRIN•K•MOODY•

Athletics



Evolution of Interest in Athletics.



DURING the last six years important changes have been wrought in the conduct of athletics in the Spokane High Schools. About six years ago, the Board of Education, at the request of the principal of the school, began the practice of employing as regular teachers some men and women who not only could give instruction in the regular school branches, but who were also able to coach the different squads that came out for the four branches of athletics now taught in high schools, viz., football, basketball, baseball, and track. The advantages of this innovation became immediately obvious. A new impetus was given to the life of school sport. This was evidenced by the turning out of a larger number for practice each day, and by improvement in the morale of the teams. For these teacher-coaches, with scarcely an exception, proved zealous, able and efficient in their lines, holding before the boys for their contemplation ideals of truer sportmanship. Previous to this time, no regular coaches had been employed, and the boys got along with such desultory coaching as was furnished by a more experienced one of their own number, or by some kind-hearted athlete living in the city.

Again, up to six years ago, the finances of the Athletic Association, which were managed entirely by the students, were in a bad condition. The association, owing to lack of funds, was unable to bring teams from a distance and pay expenses; and the weaker teams brought from small towns near by would not draw the crowd. Football was then, as it is now, the best paying game for the Association. But, in addition to poor playing, due to inadequate coaching, there was another drawback to financial success: all spectators who cared to, roamed over

the gridiron at will, so that those who remained in the grand-stand or on the bleachers were unable to witness the plays. Many were seen at different times leaving the grounds in disgust and vowing that they would never pay again to see a high school contest. The inevitable result was a sparse attendance upon the games, and small financial returns. I may add that because of primitive methods of bookkeeping and lack of authority on the part of the student officials, much of the money from the advance sale of tickets was never received by the treasurer of the association, for he had no means of enforcing collections.

But the principal grappled successfully with this discouraging situation. He appointed three men of the faculty as directors of the Athletic Association, and named one as the head director; the other two associate directors. These men became then additional officers of the association, with authority over all of the other officers and members of the club.

The crowds, with the exception of the sub. players and the necessary officials, were kept in the grand-stand or on the bleachers, so that the field was clear to the spectators. The result is that the attendance has increased fivefold or more; and the association from being habitually in debt has come to have no debts and a surplus in the bank.

After the destruction of the South Central building, Mr. Hart and Mr. Hargreaves very wisely, I believe, abolished the Athletic Associations of both schools and assumed direct charge of all affairs pertaining to athletics.

—G. F. CLUKEY.

A CHANGE NEEDED



NOT many years ago patrons and teachers alike frowned upon all "sports," so called, in connection with schools. It was thought "play" had no part in the curriculum. Schools were for brains, not brawn. Mental puieness was condemned; bodily puieness condoned.

The introduction of football into America presaged a complete change of sentiment. There followed interscholastic games in football and baseball. Contests were held in track and field events. Now throughout the length and breadth of the country schools everywhere have organized means of carrying on these athletics.

This new order of things is vastly better than the old. But it is now time for another forward step—a step which is sure to come sooner or later and one which will place the efficiency of our schools as trainers and developers of the physical boy and girl far above the present day efficiency.

Our present system lacks scope. It gets at and helps too few of the total number. And so often the main effort is put out upon the already strong and sturdy. The underdeveloped, the puny, the anaemic, are so easily and so often lost sight of. Now, "to him that hath shall be given" is not the very best motto always. Our schools are democratic and should offer like chances to all.

Each school is an independent, free-governing body in so far at least as the arrangement of courses and the manner of their being offered is concerned. Yet how few schools have exercised one bit of initiative in this matter of caring for athletics! The way of the majority has swept unchallenged from east to west. "Football" in the fall, "track" and "baseball" in the spring, and not much of anything in the winter. And "football" means training (and often overtraining) for about twenty of the physically ablest boys; "track" means individual and peculiar development for even a lesser number; "baseball"—well, if a boy can already play ball he is chosen, and fifteen will cover the number selected. Yes, I am aware that some who read this will say I am unfair not to mention those who get the training and do not make the teams. But those who have worked in the above

named athletic branches know that there is rarely more than recruits enough for a second team by midseason. And, too, I have said "not much of anything in the winter." That is the fact in the greatest number of schools. Here and there the larger schools, and our own is one of these, do systematic gymnasium work under competent directorship, reaching more students and doing more good than either the spring or fall branches of athletics. I include basketball under the head of gymnasium work.

The main-spring of our present system is the desire to win inter-scholastic honors. Sometimes that desire is so great that it becomes a mania, and the school stoops to any depth that it may WIN. And schools do win largely in a direct proportion to the intensity of that desire, on the part of coaches, players, and "rooters," the last being composed, for the most part, of the many who are getting no good whatever from athletics, simply because under the present system there is no place for them but on the side lines.

If I have fairly stated the conditions, would we not be justified in moving on to something better? An educational propaganda should be started to convince the schools of the need of a change; to present to the student body the justice of a system which would interest the majority in some kind of outdoor sport; to convince the public at large that we need an athletic field which would be for the exclusive use of schools. Then we would need teachers who were selected not alone for their ability in the class room, but also for their competency and willingness to give a part of their time to the direction of some one of the many groups of students who then would be enjoying the fruits of outdoor athletics.

—F. G. KENNEDY.

THE BASKET BALL AND BASE BALL REVIEW



IT is interesting at the present time to attempt a resume of the basketball and baseball seasons at Spokane High School. At the same time it is a bit difficult, as the schedule of the latter sport has but commenced and it is largely a matter of conjecture as to the results of the outdoor game, and one must necessarily confine himself largely to prospects.

The basketball season appears as an unqualified success—a success not only in the number of games won, but more particularly in the development of a combination of good players that augurs well for the 1911-12 season.

The team during the past year played a rather difficult schedule of ten games, meeting the better teams of the Inland Empire, and easily won all of these games but one. The early season defeat at Rathdrum is excusable, as the squad, composed to quite an extent of football men, had had but little time for practice. Later in the year this one defeat was avenged by an overwhelming score, when the Idaho boys lost to the local team by the score of 43 to 13. In the remainder of the games the size of the score was the principal question, and the claim of Spokane to the championship of the Inland Empire is a good one.

The work of the individual players was pleasing—Capt. Campbell at forward and guard positions played an excellent game and should receive a great deal of credit for his work as floor captain and his excellent control over his team. It is to be regretted that his graduation in June loses him to the 1912 team. Faucher, captain-elect, won his position by his fast work at center during the latter part of the season. His fifteen field goals in the Coeur d'Alene game was the largest individual score of the year. The team is assured of a splendid leader for 1912.

At center and forward positions Robinson was always in the game. His foul-throwing at times was a feature and materially added to the size of the local count.

Bowers played a foot-running guard and frequently started the scoring by a sensational basket from the field.

Miller, his guard mate, was a tower of defensive strength, and held his opposing forwards to seven baskets in six games played.

At forward, Abrams at times featured in the game, his play bordering on the sensational.

Rouse at guard proved to be a "find," and was a worthy successor to Miller.

Peddycord, forward, was a fast little player and proved to be a "feeder" for the field goal thrower.

Kunkle, guard, was a fast man and a strong defensive player.

To Zabel, Shiel, Lenard, Henderson, and Tyra a great deal of credit should be given for their sportsmanlike support of the team through a long season. It is to such players that the success of a team many times is largely due.

The 1911-12 season opens with but Captain Campbell's guard position to be filled. It is expected that in the second squad will be found a player for this place.

In closing this review I wish to give to Mr. West a great deal of credit for his work as coach during the first half of the year that made possible the completion of a successful season.

The baseball year has but opened and it is difficult at this time to forecast its results. In the three games played the team has shown fairly good form and easily won by large scores. The contemplated trip through the Palouse country is a test that will show the mettle of the team, as the boys will meet the best teams this side of the Cascades. The shortness of the local season is to be regretted, but the indoor house league proved to be of some assistance in the conditioning of the players. A creditable feature of the league was the large number of boys participating.

In the outdoor game, Despain will do the greater part of the battery work. He is steady and should prove a "puzzle" for the opposing batsmen. Greider, at the receiving end, works well with Despain. Horton is showing good form as his understudy. Robinson, at first, appears to be a fixture. Captain Johnston, at second, is playing an excellent game. He will alternate in the box with Despain. Anderson, at shortstop, and Sheely, at the third sack, complete a fast infield. The batting of Sheely will feature many games. In the outfield,

Henry, Ford, Jones, and Hardgraves are showing up well. At the present time it is impossible to give the exact personnel of the team.

I cannot close this article without reference to the fine sportsmanship and uniformly courteous treatment accorded to the coach by each member of the two teams discussed. It has been a pleasure to work with them, and whatever success there has been or is to be, I credit to this splendid spirit that not only makes for successful athletics, but for the best type of American men.

—B. F. HEMP.





A WORD FROM THE CAPTAIN



CHAMPIONSHIP team was expected of the Spokane High School football team in 1910, but it failed to make good. Many obstacles were in the way, of which injuries played a large part. But the sorrows of 1910 are past and everyone is looking forward to the team of 1911.

Many of the old players will be graduated when the next season arrives, but the prospects for a good team are just as bright as of any year previous.

The line of next year will probably not be as heavy as the year before, but it will be speedy, one of the most essential things in the new game. Of the old men who will return, there are Thompson, at tackle; Adams, at center; Breilly and Seagraves, at the guard positions.

Faneher, captain-elect, will be at his old position of end, which makes things look very bright on that side of the line.

The graduation of Durham, quarterback, has left that position empty, and it will be a hard one to fill, although many have signified their intentions of coming out for quarter who should make good. Shiel and Edris, halfbacks, are gone, but such men as Febiger, Wilson and others ought to amply fill the vacancies. Kyte will be back at fullback, which assures us of being well fortified in the punting game.

The mention of these men as candidates for the various positions does not in the least signify that they are sure of making them. Many new men who have just entered school or have been in school and have never turned out before will be candidates the coming season, and great things are expected of them.

Spokane has not had a championship team in football since 1907.



and everyone, large or small, who has ever played the great game should turn out and dig to help put Spokane on the map so far as football is concerned.

The Lineup:

Miller, end	Runner, guard	Briley, guard
Rouse, end	Lewis, guard	Shiel, halfback
Fancher, end	Rasmus, guard	Watson, tackle
Pynn, end	Adams, center	Connors, halfback
Gallagher, tackle	Durham, quarter-back	Pettyeord, half
Thompson, tackle	Edris, halfback	Henderson, guard
MacGregor, tackle	Kyte, fullback	

COEUR D'ALENE, 35-0.

Under the new rules our team won an easy victory from Coeur d'Alene on Saturday, October 1st, by a score of 35 to 0. It was the first game of the season, and the old game of end runs and line bucks was used by both teams, with but few open formations and forward passes. The boys made an easy touchdown in the first seven minutes of play, showing the 1909 champions that they were outclassed at every point of the game.

COLFAX

The game was called with nearly the whole of the Spokane second team in the play and the first team on the bench grinding their teeth as they saw the Palouse team plunge through their lines for large gains and finally make a touchdown. Still, Coach Kennedy did not see fit to put in the regulars, who were being punished for skipping practice a few nights before.

Even when the third quarter rolled around the coach seemed reluctant to put the delinquents into the game, but after a severe lecture he did so, and they proceeded to make up for lost time, pushing the Colfax team around at will and running up a score of 22 to 5 in the last 30 minutes of play.

RITZVILLE

October 15, our boys smothered Ritzville by a score of 72 to 0. New plays and formations were tried against the green visitors with but one result—it was good practice.

BROADWAY.

S. H. S. was defeated by Broadway H. S. by a score of 6 to 3 before a crowd of 2,000 people. Both teams used open plays a great deal, with varying success. Great credit should be given our line, for it outplayed Broadway's line in nearly every case. However, luck seemed against us when we attempted a long forward pass, which Klopfer intercepted on the 25-yard line and ran the ball over our goal on the next play. Broadway was unable to score again, and Durham dropped the ball over the goal from the 23-yard line. But we failed to tie the score when a good chance was again given us in the latter part of the game.

Gallagher played a splendid game in both offense and defense. Kyte drove the ball well down the field at every punt, while "Swede" Lewis tore through the line and down the field after the spiral like a whirlwind.

TACOMA

Tacoma rushed Spokane in the first seven minutes of play and the boys were unable to get together and break up Tacoma's plays. Tacoma secured a touchdown in the early part of the game on account of a fumble made by Spokane. In the third quarter Tacoma again made a touchdown. This seemed to set Spokane on their feet and when the fourth quarter rolled around they went into the game for all they were worth, scoring a touchdown and narrowly missed adding another when Tacoma held them for downs on the visitors' three-yard line.

LE GRANDE, 47 TO 6

Le Grande surprised our boys at the start by marching down the field to Spokane's 20-yard line, when Shiel grabbed a stray forward pass and Spokane lost no time making their first touchdown. The rest of the game was spent in making touchdowns, Durham giving nearly all the boys a chance at carrying the ball over the line. LeGrande made their only score in the second quarter when Bohekamp ran 55 yards for a touchdown.

WENATCHEE, 0 TO 0

Spokane fought it out with Wenatchee on a field of mud at Wenatchee. Both teams played about even under the conditions and the honors were even, each having several chances to score, but failing.

The ball and players were plastered with mud, making a slower game and more fumbling than otherwise would have been the case. Our boys played hard ball all through the game, and all the fellows who represented S. H. S. in that battle are to be congratulated upon the work they did.

LINCOLN

November 24, on another field of mud, Spokane met Lincoln H. S. and outplayed them throughout the game, once having the ball six inches from Lincoln's goal, but failing in their efforts in the next play.

The game was a victory for Spokane, as Lincoln outweighed them and expected to win easily; instead, Spokane showed Lincoln up by placing the ball on Lincoln's 5-yard line in the first five minutes of play. In spite of Spokane's superior playing, the game proved to be a no score affair.

COACH KENNEDY RESIGNS

F. G. Kennedy, who has successfully coached the football team of the South Central High School for the past five years, handed in his resignation as coach last month. Coach Kennedy has the best record of any high school coach in the Northwest, having put out a fast team every year and having won the championship in 1907.

At a meeting of the School Board in regard to a new coach, Samuel L. Moyer was chosen as Coach Kennedy's successor. Mr. Moyer is a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College and coached the team there several years; he also put in the field Aberdeen's championship team for the season of 1910. He has not yet accepted the position offered.



Season Lineup.

Captain Campbell	Forward and Guard
Abrams	Forward
Robinson	Forward and Center
Miller	Guard
Pettycord	Forward
Bower	Guard
Fancher	Center
Rouse	Guard
Kunkel	Guard

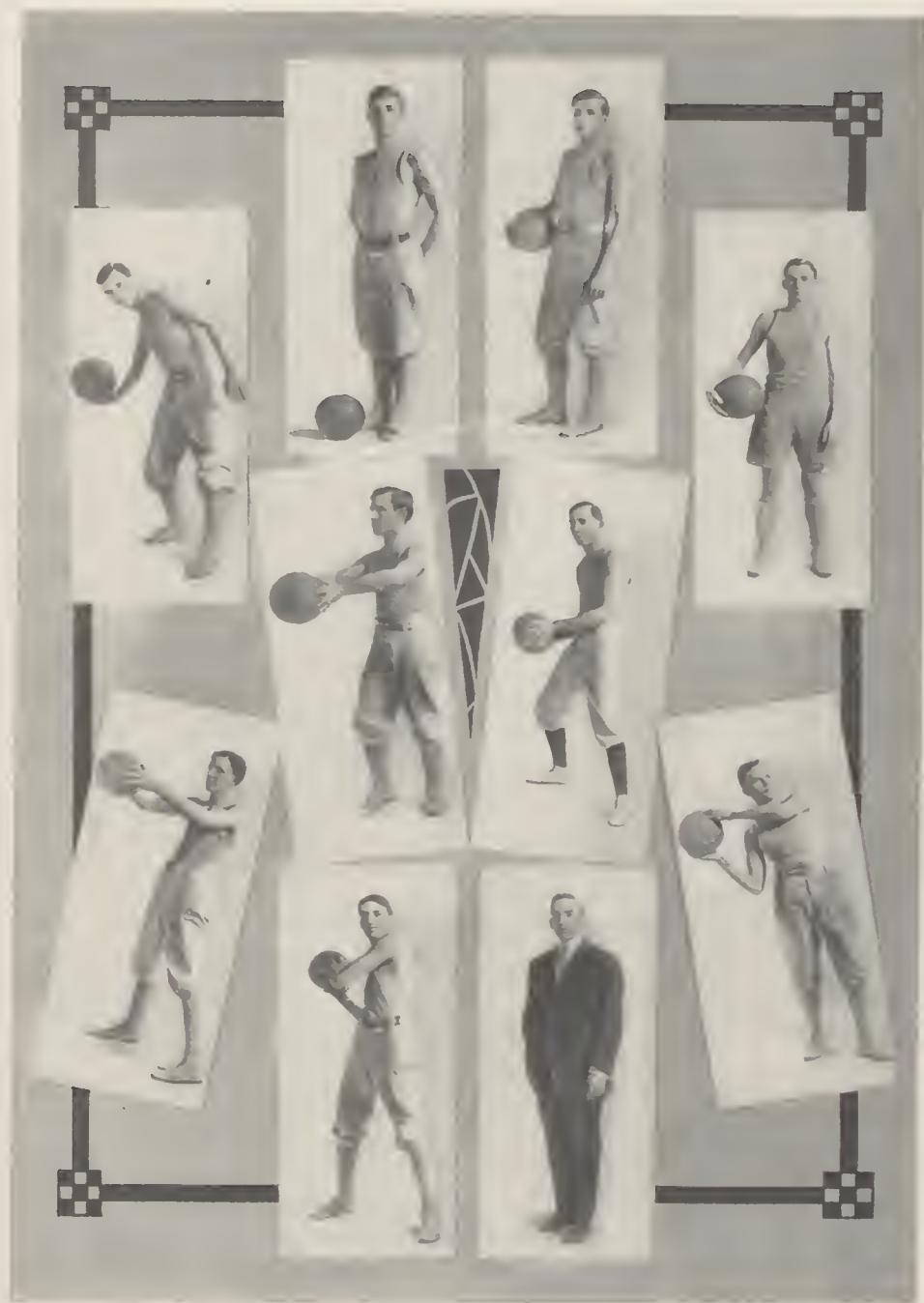
RATHDRUM, 15 to 13

A little hard luck was encountered by Spokane in the first game of the season, when Rathdrum took the long end of the score on the Rathdrum floor, the second of December. The field baskets made by Spokane outnumbered those of Rathdrum, the latter winning the game by two points on fouls.

■

ON THE DAVENPORT FLOOR

The game was rough and the floor small, the latter being slightly in the home team's favor. When the smoke cleared Spokane's 33 points stood against Davenport's 15. Many fouls were called on both sides during the melee. Bower was the star for Spokane, dropping six field baskets, while Robinson was an expert at free throws. Schultz showed up best for Davenport.



GENESEE

Spokane easily took their first home game from Genesee by a score of 48 to 21. Grey of the visitors starred for them, throwing 13 free throws out of 15 chances. Campbell and Robinson played the best for Spokane. Before the game, Campbell was elected captain of the team for the season.

PALOUSE

Spokane easily bested Palouse by a score of 37 to 7, outplaying them in every way.

DAVENPORT AGAIN.

Again Spokane slipped over an overwhelming score on Davenport when the latter came to Spokane for their return game, the score being 28 to 17. Davenport played good ball, but had no chance with the fast S. H. S. team.

AT ROSALIA

February 3, Spokane showed its superiority over the fast Rosalia team. The game was rough and fast on account of the freezing air and rain sifting through the cracks in the warehouse. The howling rooters sat on the sidelines, snuggling in among the bales of hay to keep them warm, and urged their home team to play faster over the hilly floor. In spite of the cheering floating on the crisp air and into the players' ears, Rosalia was unable to throw more than one field basket and seven fouls, while Spokane dropped nine baskets from the field and six free throws. All the boys played good ball. Fancher played his husky opponent skilfully. Captain Campbell and Rouse kept goal for Spokane, while Robinson and Abrams played their forwards well. H. Ludin of Rosalia threw their only basket, while J. Ludin secured six free goals. Coach Reseberg of Rosalia umpired, and Coach Hemp of Spokane acted as referee.

RATHDRUM, 42 to 13

In the most exciting game of basketball ever played in S. H. S., Spokane made up for the defeat of their first game by making eighteen goals and sixteen free throws, while Rathdrum had hard work making five goals and three fouls. The game was fast and rough, blood being drawn on several of the players. The game was stopped once on ac-

count of the blood McNutt of Rathdrum was losing. Faneher was the partienlar star for Spokane, eonneeting with nine of the baskets made by the home team. Robinson and Campbell tore into their men. Abrams slipped in a few of his phenominal side shots, while Rouse guarded the S. H. S. goal like a hawk. The Rathdrum boys never once stopped fighting and played hard till the whistle blew for time. Johnson of Rathdrum and Davis of Spokane officiated.

WARDNER AND COEUR D'ALENE

Spokane smothered Coeur d'Alene by a score of 72 to 4, and Wardner was scalped by a score of 67 to 12.

TOTAL OF BASKETBALL SCORE, 1910-11

S. H. S.	13	Rathdrum	15
S. H. S.	33	Davenport	15
S. H. S.	48	Genesee	21
S. H. S.	37	Palouse	7
S. H. S.	67	Coeur d'Alene.....	10
S. H. S.	28	Davenport	17
S. H. S.	67	Wardner	12
S. H. S.	24	Rosalia	9
S. H. S.	42	Rathdrum	13
S. H. S.	74	Coeur d'Alene	4
Totals	431		124



Season Lineup.

Marguerite Motie	Center
Louise Brosinski (Captain 1911)	Forward
Maude Barker	Guard
Kathryn Burt	Forward
Barbara Bateman	Forward
Marie Doose	Forward
Agnes Oliver	Center
Zoe Zimmerman (Captain 1910)	Guard
Lillian Penn	Guard
Ida Carson	Guard

The opening game of the girls' basketball team was played in Cheney, on the night of December 9. The game was a walk-away for the Spokane team. At no time in the game did the Cheney girls prove dangerous. Eighteen points were scored by Spokane, to the opponents' nothing.

The second game was played on December 16, when Coach Cook took the team to Hillyard, and won by a score of 16 to 1. Considering the fact that this was their first game, Hillyard put up a strong fight. Miss Buckley, a former member of the South Central team, playing a star game for her team. Miss Brosinske did the best work for Spokane, making six of the points won.



SPOKANE AT SANDPOINT.

One of the hardest and swiftest games played by Coach Cook's five was played in defeating Sandpoint on their own floor, by a score of 20 to 1. The game was played in a rather improvised gym. Sandpoint gained their only point in the first minute of play, but Spokane soon followed with some swift playing that raised their score to 20 points against Sandpoint. For Sandpoint, Miss Allen proved to be the star, and for Spokane, Miss Zimmerman (Capt.) did the best work. Miss Brosinske played an exceptionally good game, and Miss Barker and Miss Penn distinguished themselves as excellent guards. Miss Burt and Miss Doose also played a fine game.

SANDPOINT AT SPOKANE

As a return engagement, the Sandpoint girls played at Spokane, only to be defeated by a score of 17 to 2. Both of Sandpoint's points were scored by free throws, and they were unable to land a field goal against the Spokane guards. The game was fast, but at no stage did Sandpoint have a chance at winning. Miss Brosinske was the particular star of the evening, throwing several spectacular field goals. Miss Doose played an excellent game, and at guard the Spokane girls showed their ability in not allowing Sandpoint to gain one field goal.

HILLYARD ON S. H. S. FLOOR

The second game with Hillyard was played on the Spokane floor, and Spokane was again victor by 26 to 3. The game was rather slow, yet at no point were the Hillyard girls in the game. The forwards had hard luck in throwing field goals, many hitting the rim and barely missing rolling into the basket. Miss Doose and Miss Zimmerman played the best game for Spokane, and Miss Buckley and Miss Kittrel for Hillyard.

RATHDRUM

On the third of February, Rathdrum played Spokane on the Spokane floor, and was defeated by a score of 29 to 5. The first field goal against the Spokane five was landed in this game, Miss McCarty throwing it in the last minute of play. For Spokane, Miss Doose and Miss

Brosinske did fine work; also the guards showed fine ability. For the visiting team, Miss McCarty was the star.

COEUR D'ALENE

Spokane's first game with their old rivals, Coeur d'Alene, was played on February 10, and ended with Spokane as victor to the tune of 30 to 5. The Lake City girls managed to exceed all the other opponents of Spokane by throwing two field goals. Both were thrown by Miss Gist. The game was fast, although the last half was characterized by roughness. For Spokane, Miss Brosinske played a whirlwind game, and Miss Doose had fine luck at shooting. Miss Barker and Miss Penn also played a fine guard game.

THE GIRLS AT RATHDRUM

On the evening of February 17, the Rathdrum girls again met Coach Cook's five, this time on their own floor. The game was played in a rather poor gym, being small, poorly lighted, and the baskets very unsteady. The score was made by free throws and one field goal, this being the second thrown by Rathdrum against Spokane. For Rathdrum, Miss McCarty was again star, but for Spokane, Miss Doose and Miss Brosinske were enabled to bring the score to 14 points, by the fine passing of the whole team. Miss Penn and Miss Barker played a fine guard game.

The closing game for Spokane was played in Spokane against Coeur d'Alene. This also resulted in victory for Spokane by score of 15 to 4. Not one field goal was thrown by Coeur d'Alene, but four free throws landed safely, and the Spokane girls brought their score to 15 points. Miss Doose was the star for Spokane, throwing several of their baskets. Miss Brosinske was also able to land several baskets. Miss Penn and Miss Barker played a star defense game.

The season has been an unusually successful one for the Spokane team, their points numbering 184, and their opponents' 26. Not a game was lost, and only four field goals were thrown against them. Also in team work and passing they have done splendid work, outclassing their opponents entirely.



Line-up.

Greiderc	Sheely3b
Holtonc	Andersonss
Despainp	Henrylf
Johnsonp	Jonescf
Connollyp	Fordcf
Robinson1b	Childrf
Torrence2b	Hargravesrf

COEUR D'ALENE, APRIL 22.

Coach Hemp's speedy aggregation of ball tossers celebrated the opening of the 1911 season by defeating the Coeur d'Alene High team on its own grounds. Despain was on the firing line for the local squad and his effective twirling allowed but four of the Lake City lads to make a complete circuit of the bases.

The Spokane sluggers slammed the ball at will and succeeded in getting a man across the pan in all but two of the nine sessions. Sheely, Spokane's crack third-sacker, put the ball over the fence in the sixth inning, scoring the only home run of the game.

Despain pitched big league ball all through the game and twelve of the Coeur d'Alene batsmen were sent to the bench without having touched the horse-hide sphere. Davy, Coeur d'Alene slabster, was unable to keep the Hempites from landing on his delivery and as a result 11 men crossed the plate before the curtain was rung down on the last inning.



SPOKANE COLLEGE, MAY 6.

On Saturday, May 6, the Hempites played their second game of the season and incidentally took the Spokane College aggregation into camp for the long end of a 10 to 5 score. Despain did the twirling for the High lads and his mystifying curves and shoots kept the Collegians from turning their hits into runs. Sheely did his usual heavy work with the stick and succeeded in crossing the plate three times during the game.

Beet acted as slab artist for the Collegians, but Coach Hemp's sluggers landed on his offerings almost at will. An ascension in the first inning cost him five tallies and the game. Robinson and Torrence, Spokane's speedy first and second sackers, played class A ball throughout the game and fielded their positions like veterans.

MAY 9.

Coach Hemp's men figured in a 19 to 7 mixup with the Spokane College lads on their own grounds on Tuesday, May 9. For the second time during the season the High lads showed their superiority over the Collegians in every department of the game. Leet, the College slabster, was unable to get his offerings past the High school sluggers and an ascension in the second and sixth innings netted the Hempites fifteen tallies.

Nine runs at their expense in the sixth, and the impending darkness proved too much for the Collegians and they called for a postponement of the game, which was readily agreed to by Coach Hemp, as his squad was nearly exhausted from running bases. Johnson twirled for the Hempites and although a little unsteady at times, he kept his hits well scattered and perfect support kept him from getting into any bad holes. Robinson, Sheely and Horton scored three runs each.

HOUSTON, MAY 10.

The Spokane High lads gave the Houston squad a 16 to 7 drubbing at Natatorium Park on May 10, Coach Hemp trying out Connelly, a new addition to the pitching staff. The Hempites started the game by sending three men around the bases while Wilson, Houston's star twirler, was warming up. The fourth inning developed into a regular

runfest for the High lads and when the third man was declared out seven tallies had been chalked up to their credit.

Coach Hemp made several changes in the line-up during the game in order to give the "subs" a chance to show their metal; working Ilorton behind the bat with Greider and allowing Hargraves to relieve Jones in right field. Alexander, Houston's second sacker, scored three of the runs made by the Cannon Hill lads.





TRACK

INTERCLASS, APRIL 22.

In the interclass meet held at Natatorium park the seniors completely swamped the underclass men, taking 98½ points out of a possible 144. The juniors were second, with 14; sophomores third, with 13, and the freshmen last, with 7½ points.

Cohn and Campbell of the seniors were the two individual stars of the meet. The former won 22 points, while the latter finished with 21.

The summary of the events were:

50-yard dash—Cohn, senior, first; Wooster, senior, second; Gillette, junior, third; time, 5 4-5 seconds.

Mile run, 5 laps—Fancher, senior, first; Parker, senior, second; Phelps, junior, third; time, 5 minutes 4 seconds.

100-yard dash—Cohn, senior, first; Campbell, senior, second; Wooster, senior, third.

Discus—Johns, senior, first; Seagraves, senior, second; Shiel, senior, third; distance, 96.9 feet.

Shotput—Seagraves, senior, first; Campbell, senior, second; Shiel, senior, third; distance, 37.5 feet.

120 hurdles—Campbell, senior, first; Cohn, senior, second; Borden, sophomore, third.

High jump—Dalbow, junior, first; Wooster, senior, second; White, senior, and McKinney, freshman, tied for third place. Each man was given one-half point. Height, 4 feet 10 inches.

Hammer throw—Seagraves, senior, first; Adams, sophomore, second; Shiel, senior, third; distance, 102½ feet.

880-yard run—Davies, sophomore, first; Fancher, senior, second; Parker, senior third; 2 minutes 10 seconds.

Broad jump—Wooster, senior, first; Cohn, senior, second; Dalbrow, junior, third; distance, 17.9 feet.

Pole vault—Smith, freshman, first; Cohn, senior, second; Martin, junior, third; distance, 8.6 feet.

220-yard dash—Campbell, senior first; Cohn, senior, second, Matters, freshman, third; time, 25.2 seconds.

440-yard dash—Johns, senior, first; Gillette, junior, second; McKinney, freshman, third; time, 55 flat.

220-yard hurdles—Campbell, senior, first; Borden, sophomore, second; Church, junior, third; time, 28.2 seconds.

The relay race was won by the senior team in three minutes and forty-four seconds. The team included Fancher, Johns, Campbell, Wooster and Cohn.

COEUR D'ALENE, APRIL 29.

In the interscholastic track meet at Natatorium park Spokane proved too much for their Lake City opponents and easily won the contest with a total of 81½ points as against Coeur d'Alene's 50½.

Cook of Coeur d'Alene was the particular star for that team, while Wooster and Campbell were the leading point winners for Spokane.

Following is the summary of the events:

Hammer throw—Cook, Coeur d'Alene, first; Adams, Spokane, second; Seagraves, Spokane, third. Distance, 140.8 feet.

High jump—Dalbrow, Spokane, first; Bartges, Coeur d'Alene, second; Wooster, Spokane, and Ellis of Coeur d'Alene, tied for third place. Each man was given a half point.

Discus—Cook, Coeur d'Alene, first; Johns, Spokane, second; Adams, Spokane, third. Distance, 105.5 feet.

Shotput—Cook, Coeur d'Alene, first; Seagraves, Spokane, second, Campbell, Spokane, third. Distance, 44.7 feet.

Broad jump—Wooster, Spokane, first; Cohn, Spokane, second; Purdy, Coeur d'Alene, third. Distance, 19.2 feet.

Pole vault—Cohn, Spokane, first; Smith of Spokane and Thompson

of Coeur d'Alene, tied for second place, points for second and third places were divided between them, each man receiving 2 points.

880-yard dash—Davies, Spokane, first; Dewald, Coeur d'Alene, second; Parker, Spokane, third. Time, 2:08 2-5.

50-yard dash—Wooster, Spokane, first; Cohn, Spokane, second; Thompson, Coeur d'Alene, third. Time, 5 4-5.

100-yard dash—Cook, Coeur d'Alene, first; Wooster, Spokane, second; Cohn, Spokane, third. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

120-yard hurdles—Campbell, Spokane, first; Borden, Spokane, second; Ellis, Coeur d'Alene, third. Time, 19 seconds.

220-yard dash—Campbell, Spokane, first; Cook, Coeur d'Alene, second; Thompson, Coeur d'Alene, third. Time, 24 seconds.

440-yard run—Johns, Spokane, first; Dewald, Coeur d'Alene, second; Barnes, Coeur d'Alene, third. Time, 54 1-5 seconds.

220-yard hurdles—Campbell, Spokane, first; Ellis, Coeur d'Alene, second; Ockirk, Coeur d'Alene, third. Time, 29 2-5 seconds.

Mile run—Fancher, Spokane, first; Bonneville, Coeur d'Alene, second; Papst, Spokane, third. Time, 4:54 1-5.

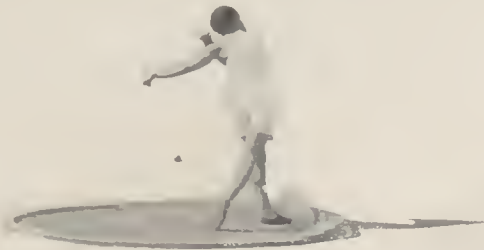
The relay race was won by Spokane, counting five points.

The javelin was broken on the first throw by Johns of Spokane, and the event was canceled, although a number of athletes were registered in that event.

WHITMAN, MAY 6.

With 27 points to its credit the Pendleton High school won the 11th tri-state meet at Whitman college, while Waitsburg and Spokane tied for second place, with 26 points each. Spokane won the relay half mile race in 1:37, making the same time made by the same team in the preliminaries. Kinder of Waitsburg with 14 points won the individual cup, while Boylan of Pendleton and McCrosky of Tekoa tied for second, with 10 each. A new state record was made by Watson of Tekoa, who put the shot 48 feet one inch. And by H. Wirt of North Yakima, who threw the javelin 152 feet six inches.

Following the three leading schools, Tekoa, fourth, with 21 points;



North Yakima and Walla Walla, with 8 each; Garfield 6, Ellensburg 5, Athena 3. Colfax, Wenatchee and Pearson's academy one each.

Other results were as follows:

100-yard dash—Wooster, Spokane, first; Gordon, Pendleton, second; Kinder, Wattsburg, third. Time :11.

220-yard dash—Kinder, first; Watson, Tekoa, second; Gordon, third. Time :23 3-5.

50-yard dash—Kinder, first; Wooster, second; Gordon, third. Time, :05 3-5.

440-yard dash—Johns, Spokane, first; Kinder, second; Bench, Ellensburg, third. Time, :52 4-5.

Half mile run—Boylan, Pendleton, first; Gwinn, Garfield, second; Pieroth, Ellensburg, third. Time, 27.05 2-5.

Mile run—Boylan, first; Payne, Athena, second; Moffat, Garfield, third. Time, 4:55 1-5.

Pole vault—Bowers, Walla Walla, first; Rowland, Sunnyside, second; Drumheller, Pearson's academy, third. Height, 19 feet 3 inches.

High Jump—Fee, Pendleton, first; Watson, Tekoa, second; Hoover, Waitsburg, third. Height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Broad jump—McDonald, Waitsburg, first; Wooster, second; Rowland, third. Distance, 19 feet 9 1-2 inches.

120-yard hurdles—McCrosky, Tekoa, first; Fee, second. Dixon, Pendleton, third. Time, 16:04.

220-yard hurdles—McCrosky, first; Bowers, second, Hoover, third. Time, 26:01.

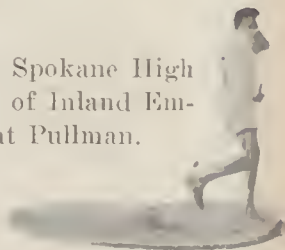
Shotput—Watson, first; Devine, Pendleton, second; Miller, Wenatchee, third. Distance, 48 feet 1 inch.

Javelin throw—H. Wirt, North Yakima, first; Cook, Ellensburg, second; Johns, Spokane, third. Distance, 152 feet 6 inches.

Discus throw—Utter, Waitsburg, first; Wirt, second; Lomasson, Colfax, third. Distance, 102 feet 1 1-2 inches.

PULLMAN, MAY 13.

By breaking a record and winning the relay race Spokane High school won the seventh annual intercholastic field meet of Inland Empire High schools by the narrow margin of one point at Pullman.



The decision of the judges was protested by Tekoa, because Spokane's second runner failed to touch the third, and, according to the rules, Tekoa refused to run this and the relay went to Spokane. The time was 3:39 4-5, beating the best previous record, which was also held by Spokane, of 3:41.25.

Watson of Tekoa was the individual star point winner, taking five firsts, giving him 25 points.

A record crowd witnessed the meet, despite the fact that rain during the forenoon kept hundreds from coming from other towns.

50-yard dash—Watson, Tekoa; Smith, Lewiston Normal; Shaw, Lewiston High. Time, 5 4-5 seconds.

100-yard dash—Watson, Tekoa; Gwinn, Harrington; Smith, Lewiston Normal. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Watson, Tekoa; Gwinn, Harrington; Cohn, Spokane. Time, 23 1-5 seconds.

440-yard dash—Johns, Spokane; Fox, Davenport; Lyon, Harrington. Time, 52 2-5 seconds.

Half-mile run—Schlaeffer, Pullman; Dingle, Palouse; Mason, Davenport. Time 2:10 2-5.

Mile run—Schlaeffer, Pullman; Faneher, Spokane; Henry, Palouse. Time, 4:43 3-5 (a new high record).

120-yard high hurdles—McCroskey, Tekoa; Thompson, Lewiston High; Unbewust, Harrington. Time, 17 2-5 seconds.

220-yard low hurdles—McCroskey, Tekoa; Butler, Pullman; Campbell, Spokane. Time, 27 seconds.

Shot put—Watson, Tekoa; Phillips, Lewiston High; Keeran, Harrington. Distance, 47.5 feet.

Discus throw—Johns, Spokane, Phillips, Lewiston High; Adams, Spokane. Distance, 101.5 feet.

Pole vault—Cassidy, Colfax; Cohn, Spokane; Woods, Walla Walla Height, 10 feet.

Hammer throw—Phillips, Lewiston High; Keeran, Harrington; Adams, Spokane. Distance, 130.7 feet.

High jump—Watson, Tekoa; Spalding, Goldendale; Adams, Spokane. Height 5.3 feet.

Broad jump—Wooster, Spokane; Morrison, Colfax; Butler, Pullman. Distance, 20.3 feet.

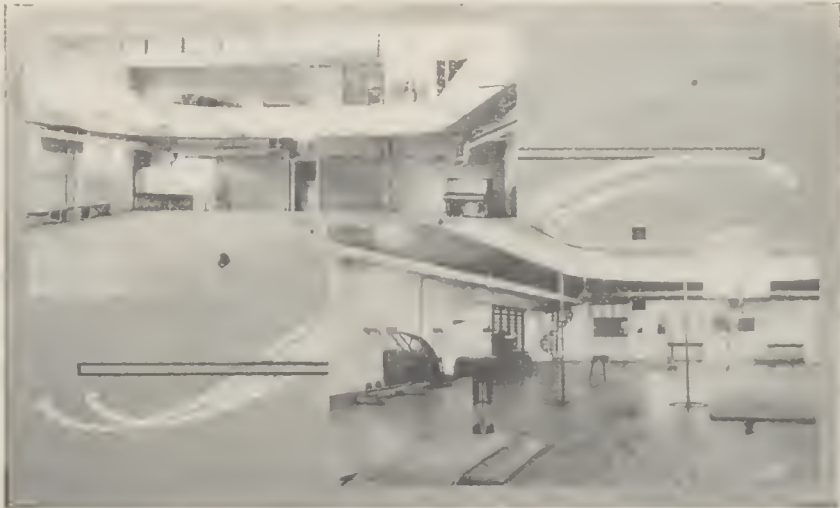
Javelin throw—Johns, Spokane; Phillips, Lewiston High; Woods, Walla Walla. Distance, 144 feet 3 inches.

The relay race was run in four heats, the winners being decided by time. Davenport won the first heat in 3:48; Lewiston Normal won the second heat in 3:52.2; Walla Walla won the third heat in 4:05.4, and Spokane won the fourth heat in 3:39.4, while Tekoa, the only other team that ran this heat with Spokane, took 3:50 to make the mile.





THE S. H. S. has one of the largest and finest equipped gymnasiums in the northwest, being modern in every respect, with padded running track and plenty of floor space. Our physical director, Van Cook, has taken pride in classes on the floor and they have steadily increased in size as the boys and girls have become acquainted with their privileges. Morning and afternoon classes are held for girls on Tuesdays and Thursdays, while the boys have their classes Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.



THE BLUE BOOK

(Note:—S-Blue. §S-Orange. *S-Red).

“Perk” Campbell, §SS, basketball, '09-'10, '10-'11; track, '11, relay and hurdles. Perk captained the Basketball team, 1910 and 1911, and always played the ball hard.

Ralph, “Wild” Robinson, *SS, baseball, first base, '09 and '11; basket ball, center, '09-'10 and '10-'11; weight, 148. “Wild” plays hard and fast at all times; is a shark at shooting fouls.

Robert Pettycord, §SS, basket ball, forward, '09-'10 and '10-'11; weight 140; football, snb half, '09-'10. Bobbie, in spite of his size and weight, pnts lots of pep in his playing.

Altus Bower, §SS, basketball, center, '09-'10, and guard, '10-'11; weight 185. Altus demonstrated his ability to throw baskets from all angles with two or three opponents actively around.

Howard Rouse, *SS, basketball, guard, '09-'10 and '10-'11; football, left end, '10-'11; weight, 128. Rouse shows true grit on the grid-iron with husky opponents coming around the end.

Elmer, “E. W.” Miller, §SS, basketball, guard, '09-'10 and '10-'11; football snb end, '10; weight 140. No one can call Elmer a quitter.

Jack Abrams, *SS, basketball, forward, '09-'10 and '10-'11; weight 168. Jack shoots some of the slickest baskets you ever saw.

John Faneher, §SS, football, end, '09-'10; basketball, center, '09-'10 and '10-11. Track, distance, '09, '10 and '11; weight, 155. John is an all around athlete and a good booster.

Earle Sheely, baseball, third base, '11. Sheely is a good man on the base and a hard hitter.

Fred Child, baseball, right field, '11. Fred is a good man in the field and is usually good for a hit.

Floyd Greider, baseball, catcher, '11. Greider plays a fast game behind the bat.

Melvin Jones, *S, baseball, center field, '11. Jones is a sure man in the field.

Cy Henry, baseball, left field. Henry manages to take in all that come his way.

Earle Johnson, *S, baseball captain, second base, '11. Earle plays a consistent game.

Albert Anderson, baseball, shortstop, '11. Albert plays a fast game.

Jerry Despain, baseball, '11, is throwing a good game for Spokane.

"Mike" Horton, *S, baseball, catch; football, quarter. Mike plays good, fast ball in both games.

Avery Sheldon, baseball, '11, is showing up well in the box.

Cary Reynard, baseball, '11, pitcher, is putting them over in fine style.

Lawrence Parrish, baseball, '11, is working hard for first sack.

Jack Ford, baseball, '11, is working for a position at short and is playing fast ball.

Edwin Zabel, baseball, '11, outfield; basketball, '10-'11. Zabel is fast and covers lots of ground.

Wade Hargraves, baseball, '11, grabs all the long flies coming his way in the outfield.

"Curly" Adams, §SS. Track, weights, '10-'11; football, center, '09-'10; weight, 172. Curly uses his length to a good advantage in athletics.

"Carpet" Atwater, football, '10, tackle; weight 135. Carpet showed class at tackle on the second team last year and should make good next season.

"Booze" Allen, football, utility and center, '09-'10; weight, 165. Booze is a sticker and a booster.

Donald Briley, S, football, '10, tackle; weight, 150. Briley is always in the game.

"Shrimp" Durham, §SS, football, quarter, '09-'10; track, '09-'10; weight, 140. Shrimp plays good ball at his position and is a fast man on the track.

Ned Edris, §SS, football, left end, '09-'10; weight, 157. Ned is a good man at defense.

George Gallagher, §SS, football, '09-'10; captain, 1910; weight, 171. George makes yardage when he circles on his tackle around plays and hits the enemy hard on defense.

Roger Hardy, football, '09-'10; weight, 160; Roger plays hard and gets into the game.

Leon Henderson, §SS, football, guard, '09-'10; weight, 165. Leon proved a stumbling block to the opponents' line players.

Leigh Inman, football, half; weight, 155. Leigh handled himself well on the second squad of 1910.

Cecil Kyte, S, football, fullback, '10; weight, 167. Kyte booted the ball a good ways last season and is counted as a star for next season.

"Swede" Lewis, S, football, guard, '10; weight, 170. Swede was an all-star High school man for 1910.

"Mac" McGregor, S, football, tackle, '10; weight, 153. Mac won his title by hard work and good playing.

"Buck" Connors, S, football, tackle, '10; weight, 153. Mac won the line like a whirlwind.

George Pynn, §SS, football, end, '09-'10; basketball, guard, '09-'10, track, relay, '10; weight, 143. George was another S. H. S. man picked for a position on the all-star team of 1911.

Archie Robinson, football, '09-'10; weight, 154. Archie played a hard, fast game.

Oscar Rasmus, S, football, guard, '09-'10; weight, 164. Oscar is always in the game.

Bert Rimmer, §SS, football, guard, '09-'10; weight, 168. Bert keeps on sawing wood no matter who tramps on him.

Lewis Seagraves, *S, track, weights, football, line; weight, 170. Seagraves will be in the game next year.

Walter Shiel, §SS, football, half, '09-'10; weight, 168. Walter is a wizard on split bucks.

Dewitt Thompson, §SS, football, tackle, '09-'10; weight, 170; Dewitt is always in the play.

"Wils" Wilson, football, half, '10; weight, 135. Wils played good ball on th second squad last season.

Harold Wooster, §SS, football, end, '09; track, sprints, '10-'11; weight, 145. Harold is a fast man.

"Feb" Febiger, football; weight, 155. Feb is counted as a good man for the coming season.

"Mac" McCarty, football, end, '10; weight, 143. Mac held down an end on the second squad and is a likely man for the coming season.

Elmer Watson, S, football, tackle, '10; weight, 160. Elmer is counted on to do good work next fall on the squad.

Engene Cohn, §SS, track, sprints and pole vault, '09-'10. Engene is a valuable man in the relay team.

Roswell Gilette, track, is showing form in the sprints.

Floyd Dalbow, track, is doing the high jump.

Carl Johns, *SS, track, is a fast man for the relay team, and quarter mile.

Tully Stallard, track, sprints. Tully is a good man on the cinders.

"Dick" Brosinski, *SS, captain of the girls' champion basketball team of '10-'11, is a whirlwind at forward and captained the team well.

Marie Doose, *SS, forward on our girl "champs" of '10-'11, is an excellent player and a fine shot.

Lillian Penn, *SS, '10-'11, won an honor letter as running guard, is a steady player and covers lots of territory.

Maud Barker, *SS, '10-'11, is a star at defensive guard and is always in the game.

Kathryn Burt *SS, '10-'11, at forward is a consistent player and sure shot.

Ida Carson, S, '10-'11, is a fine guard and never found wanting when S. H. S. goal is endangered.

Agnes Oliver, *SS, '10-'11, at center is fast and always in the game.

Barbara Bateman, S, '10-'11, is a sure shot and a steady player.

Zoe Zimmerman, *SS, '10-'11, as running guard is a "whirlwind" and a brilliant shot.

Margnerite Motie, *SS, '10-'11, showed championship form at center and is a never failing source of gain for S. H. S. champions.





ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

MWA



"Wa na ka" is the Indian name for June. Rhythmic and musical, like all Indian names, its pronunciation calls to mind the fresh breath **OUR NAME** of forest and stream. All the Indian's freedom and delight in the spring and early summer is expressed in his eloquent name for this, his favorite month, when Nature and her friends rejoice in the fulfillment of Spring's promise. June, '11, chose the name as a fitting title for her book, as a watchword for the class.

Wanaka is more than a title. It stands for that first, pure fulfillment of our lives, of which we are but in the promise; it stands as an emblem of our fair hopes for the attainment of all our aspirations and ambitions. May we not be disappointed, but live long in our Wanaka!

The end of this term will complete a year of the union of the South Central and the North Central High Schools. If there were any **OUR BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY** who looked forward to the combination with speculation as to its peaceable outcome, they have been greatly disappointed. Never has there been a more nearly perfect system decided upon and put into operation so quickly. The entire absence of the least friction is a splendid testimonial of the loyalty of the students to Mr. Hart and Mr. Hargreaves. A feeling of new intimacy and friendship has sprung up between the two student bodies, and a year's companionship has blotted out any except mere residential distinction.

There seems to be no reason for the further prohibition of class organization, or school organizations, the publication of a monthly paper, and those other institutions which are the organs of a great high school; and it is to be hoped that in the coming fall term the faculty will see fit to allow the students a major portion of these privileges.

which only heighten the school's pleasures and make richer the memories of its graduates.

The old South High is only a memory. The flames which destroyed its beautiful library, the invaluable relics and trophies, the gifts and **THE NEW** portraits of classes past and gone, burned an epoch in the **SCHOOL.** history of Spokane. The last page of old S. H. S. is turned; it is only a memory, but what a rich and wonderful memory!

Now, like the Phoenix, the spirit of the old rises from its ashes in new and glorious form. The walls of the Lewis and Clark are rapidly coming into shape. By January, 1912, the new structure will stand completed on the campus. No more Senior rushes, for the large stretches of lawn have dwindled rapidly under the great spread of the building.

The school is a monument to be proud of, and may the workmen build it so! It is a reflection of the alertness and enterprise of Spokane's citizens, and is raised by that same spirit which is building a new and magnificent San Francisco.

There should be no flaw in the planning of the Lewis and Clark High School. A spacious auditorium, with a stage of ample proportion, and arrangement for the successful production of school entertainments should be, and is, we hope, provided for.

Another thing that should receive attention is an editorial room for the High School publication. Such a room would facilitate the work of editing a paper and avoid the scattering of the material from Dan to Beersheba.

The school will be a beautiful one, and the students who first enter its halls may well be envied their good fortune.

There are two kinds of class spirit: the right kind, and the wrong kind. The spirit that promotes loyalty to school and class; that incites **CLASS SPIRIT.** the desire to do only the thing that makes for good citizenship,—that is the right spirit.

The spirit that must post its blatant bills upon the pavements of the campus, upon the sidewalks of the city, and upon the property of other people; that has no regard for the rights of others, and before

which even the sacredness of a house of worship is violated,—that spirit, like the acts which portray it, is destructive.

The High School of Spokane does not, and never will countenance the spirit of vandals, whose acts reflect not only upon their class, but upon the entire school.

We stand for good citizenship, and a spirit that does not promote good citizenship, that does not spell the words "Build Up," instead of "Tear Down,"—such a spirit will never be representative of Spokane High School.

Four classes have left the High School of Spokane with the benediction of Ezra E. Lollar's kindness upon their heads, and a more kindly, sympathetic friend,—real, true friend,—a class could never have. As he sends us out into the world with his sincere good wishes, so do we say that if there is any regret which we feel at leaving the High School, it is the fact that we will no longer be associated with him.

We leave with him our sincere affection and the hearty wish that the years to follow will bestow upon him their fullest measure of success and good fortune.

You who have given us your time and thought are a great, helpful company. To name each one would entail a rehearsal of a large number of the faculty, the class of June, '11, and
TO THE MANY WHO ber of the faculty, the class of June, '11, and
HAVE HELPED. of half the school.

We therefore take this opportunity of thanking you all, each and every one, for his generous aid and unwearying support. We cannot be sufficiently grateful to the teachers who have contributed to our pages, and our sincere wishes for their prosperity and success can be but inadequately expressed.

The art work of Katherine MacMillan and Howard Imhoff is of inestimable value, and the assistance of Elsa Eggerth, Marguerite Motie, Sarah Stegner, Reuben Wood, and many, many others has been greatly appreciated.

We thank you all.

A loyal, tireless band, who have spared no pains or labor to make this book a splendid success. You were caught in the spirit of "Wana-
THE STAFF. naka," and worked with invincible energy for its final outcome. We raise our inky fingers to salute you!

"Lebt wohl!"



KENNETH
MCBRIDE
ALUMNI



JESSIE
STRYMER
ALUMNI



RUTH
PUGH
CURRENT EVENTS



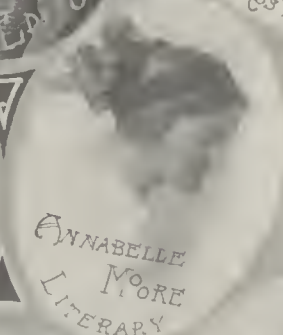
ED. ORR
EDITOR



FAE
DYKE
TEST EDITOR



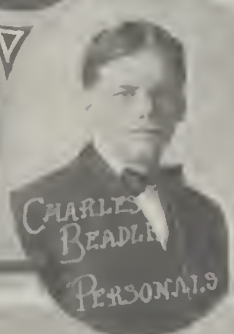
LEE
LAIRD
QUIPS



ANNABELLE
MORE
LITERARY



GEORGE
ATHLETICS



CHARLES
BEADLE
PERSONALS



ROY
BOWLER
THE ROSTRUM





On April 7th a loud noise made its appearance at the main entrance. Four pairs of purple sockets, lettered in white, "June, 1911," appeared, adorning the nether extremities of four of our more courageous friends. These were all right as far as they went, but why not go a few feet farther, take up a collection, buy a pair of these for Adolph Lange, and have the class history written on them!

Kentucky Tailor: What size shall I make your hip pockets, Colonel, pint or quart?

Little Willie from the mirror
 Licked the mercury all off;
 Thinking in his childish error
 It would cure the whooping-cough.
 * * * * *

At the funeral Willie's mother
 Sweetly said to Mrs. Brown:
 " 'Twas a chilly day for Willie
 When the mercury went down!"

Mr. Filer: You may give me three important illustrations of the power of the press.

H. Redfern: Cider, courtship, and politics.

Ruth Batchelder will settle down. Fred Childs and Adolph Lange expect to get up in the world.

"When in need of a square meal just draw on me," said the rubber nipple to the baby.

Some Pickled Rhyme.

Shay, ush fellowsh had a peachy night,
 We all come home so bloomin' tight
 We had to creep along the rails
 An' every car went past with sails.
 Hic!
 Somehow we got to Joneshie's housh
 An' ash we all had an awful sough
 To Joneshie's wife we all did shout,
 "Your Joneshie's here, come pick him out."
 Hic!

—L. L.

Mr. Beddall: "Someone give a good example of a monopoly and its evils."
 Voice in Rear: "The High School Cafe."

System.

Lady: "Do you keep coffee in the bean here?"

Clerk: "This is the ground floor, madam, next story."

Bingville Budget.

Bud Hawkins went to the county seat to get his jug filled yistiddy, and he says he seed a white robin. We would like to know was Bud goin' or comin'?

To Be Spoken With Feeling.

'Neath the fiddler's spell I wondered at the thrill that could be put
 Into rosin, wood, and horsehair, and a bit or tightened gut;
 Then remembered I that father, with a bit of wood alone,
 Used to thrill -pots in my being never reached by fiddle tone.

Some Jokes by Famous People.

The talk turned to books. The young lady broke a lull in the conversation by asking: "What do you think of Fielding, Mr. Ford?"

"Oh," was the answer, "fielding is important, of course, but it isn't worth much unless you have good pitching and batting."
 —Jack Ford.

The candidates for promotion on one of the High School classes had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential and the exclamatory moods. One effort was as follows:

"I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions, I may pass. God help me!"
 —Mr. Filer.

Sentimental young lady: "Ah, Professor! What would this old oak say if it could talk?"

Prof.: "It would say, 'I am an elm.'"

—Mr. Troth.

Willie saw some dynamite,
 Couldn't understand it quite,
 Curiosity never pays;
 It rained Willie seven days,
 Oily to bed and oily to rise
 Is the fate of a man
 When an auto he buys.

Doctor: (After careful examination), "Some foreign substance is lodged in your eye."

Dennis: "Oi knowed ut. That's whot Oi get f'r wurrakin' wid dom Dagoes."

Yes, Ambrose, the common name for a zebra is a convict mule.

She: "I shouldn't be surprised to hear of another engagement, Arnold and Edith are such great friends."

He: "Yes, comrades in arms."

She begged me to fly, and I flew;

She begged me to lie, and I lew;

I'll allow her to task me,

But if she should ask me

To die, I'll be durned if I dew.

Mr. Lollar (explaining philosophy of the school men): "These men were so carried away by the abstract in everything that they could not even eat a concrete peach."

"What animal," said the natural history teacher, "makes the nearest approach to man?"

"The flea," timidly answered a boy.

Customer: "When I bought a car from you a few weeks ago you said you would be willing to supply a new part if I broke anything."

Motor Dealer: "Certainly, sir. What can I have the pleasure of providing you with?"

Customer: "I wish a new pair of ankles, a floating rib, a left eye, three yards of cuticle, a box of assorted fingernails, four molars, two bicuspidis, and a funny bone."

Freshie: "You say Kyte has been training since football season."

Soph: "Yes, training his hair."

The lover can't help showing

The girl he's calling on

That when he's slow in going

He's positively "gone."

Some actual high (?) school definitions:

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts: the head, the chest, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and the brains, if any; the chest contains the lungs, and a piece of liver; the stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five: a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

Mr. Troth: "Name four animals that have their habitat in the tropics."

Freshie: "Two lions and two tigers."

Fresh young grocery clerk joking garbage man: "Is your business picking up?"

G. M.: "Naw, it's rotten."

"Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo."—Virgil.

Leon Weise's unparalleled translation: "Clad in a Sidonian chlamys with painted limbs."

Ready for Anything.

An old chap applied to a New York artist for the post of model. "Well," said the artist, "what do you sit for?" "Oh, anything sir," said the model, fingering his beard nervously. "Anything you like, sir. Land-scape, if necessary."

His Master's Voice.

"James, did you put the cat out?"

"He hasn't been in all day, dear."

"Then bring him in and put him out again: we've got to show that beast we're his superiors."



THE best dressed fellows in the High School are those who wear "Wentworth's" real college style "L System" Clothing. Ninety per cent of the male members of the graduating class will wear these suits on graduation night. See if they don't look mighty handsome.

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SPOKANE, WASH.

English as **She** Is Spoke.

Yiddisha Daughter: "Abe, you should come right by the house
 this second und get y'r dinner, fer Pa's on the table and Ma's half et."

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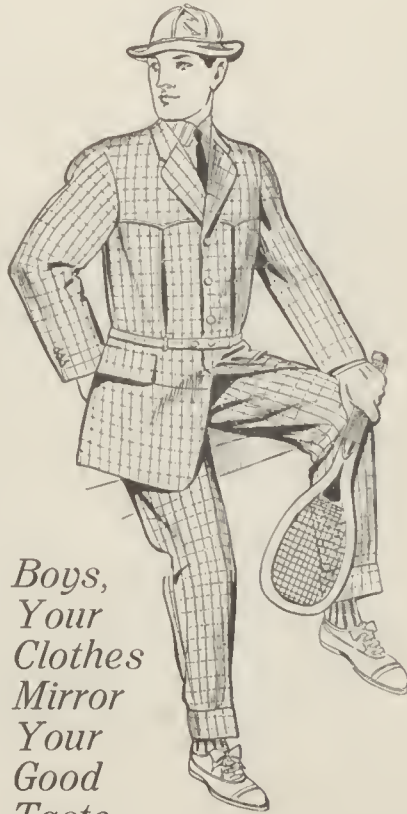


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— FACTS —

One and one makes two
 Until one is won;
 After that they say
 One and one is one.

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Prisoner: "You have, your honor. I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

Judge: "Twenty years."

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Auctioneer: "What am I offered for this fine, large bath sponge? Going at 50c, going, going. It's a shame I can't get more for it. Why, I'd buy it myself, only I have just come back from a visit to the sea shore."

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But when one thinks that one
The worst half is why then
Judges soon decree
They are two again.

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*Architect
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SPOKANE, WASH.

Teacher (trying to impress the points of the compass): "Now, Harold, on your right is the south, on your left the north; in front of you is the east. Now, what's behind you?"

Harold, puckered up his face and bawled: "I knew it. I told ma you'd see that patch in my pants."

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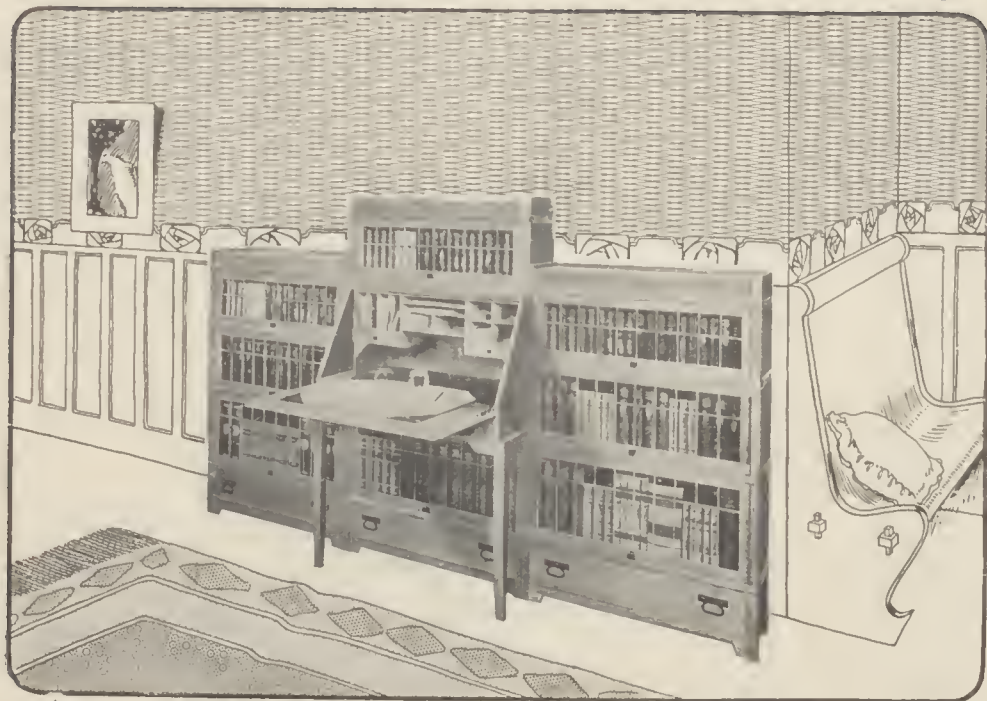
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Mrs. Ellie Gaunt: "Don't say 'monkey house,' child, that sounds so common; please call it the 'apiary.'"

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Tommy, very slowly, was saying his prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep," he began, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"If," his mother prompted.

"If he hollers, let him go, cenny, meeny, miny, mo!"



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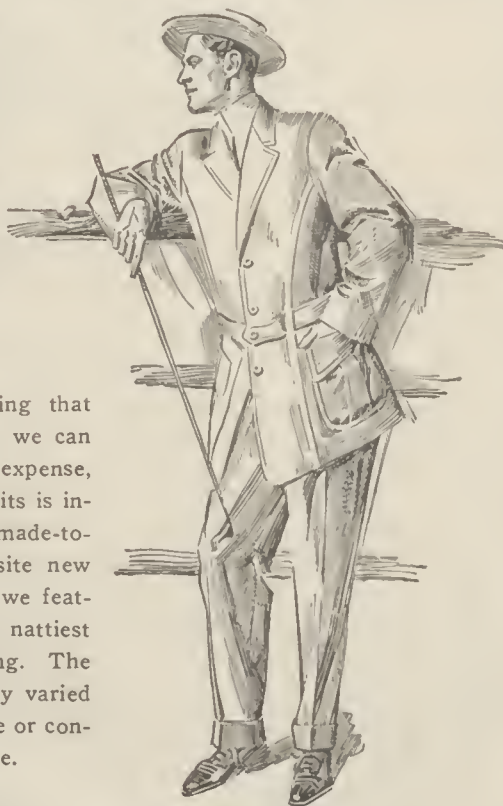
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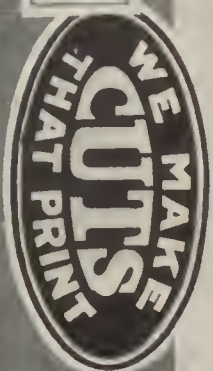


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